

Councils gamble on rate-cap confrontation

THE 16 Labour councils selected for rate-capping are in danger of missing an opportunity to extract concessions from the Government which could reduce the need for cuts in services and jobs.

Mr Kenneth Baker, the local government minister, said yesterday that councils on the rate-capping list had less than two weeks to appeal against the provisional rate limits which the Government announced in mid-December. The authorities only had until January 15 to make representations, he said, and after that the Government would move rapidly to make parliamentary orders to give the limits statutory force.

But the council leaders, most of whom privately accept the need for negotiations, are refusing to act

John Carvel on the tactics of some Labour council leaders to force a Government retreat over job and service cuts

until after the deadline. Many believe that if they hold firm now and show that they are prepared to cross the brink of confrontation ministers will be obliged to make more fundamental concessions later, including the relaxation of spending targets and restoration of large sums of rate support grant.

The result is that the Government may fix final rate limits more severe than intended because ministers have no opportunity to bring out the concessions which they have up their sleeves. The councils would then become legally obliged to make unnecessary large cuts in services and jobs, unless they could subsequently force the Government into full-scale retreat.

There are two reasons why some authorities could expect to win a better deal. When Mr Patrick Jenkin, the Environment Secretary, made calculations last July of the spending cuts which the councils would be required to make he failed to take account of creative accountancy dodges which artificially reduced some authorities' existing budgets. The result was that he asked for excessive cuts.

When last month he translated these spending limits into rate limits for the coming year he also appears to have made faulty assumptions about some councils' balances.

The government line, put forward by Mr Baker, is that the councils have only a few

more days to make their approach. "The time in which representations can be made runs out on January 15," he said. Parliamentary orders to force the final rate limits would then be laid within about a fortnight. Once laid, they could not be amended, Mr Baker said.

A debate on the orders for the four rate-capped upper-tier authorities (Merseyside, South Yorkshire, the Greater London Council, and the Inner London Education Authority) will be held at the end of January or early in February. Orders for the lower-tier councils would be debated in mid-February, he said.

Council leaders believe that Mr Baker is exaggerating the need for haste. The

key figure among them is Mr David Blunkett, of Sheffield, chairman of the "front-line" councils' pressure group called the Local Government Campaign Unit, and a member of Labour's national executive committee.

He has received a legal opinion which suggests that the Government must assume the councils are willing to negotiate unless they say they are not. Council leaders agreed at a private meeting on December 18 to pass model resolutions through each of their councils rejecting the rate limits, but not closing the door to future negotiations. On this argument Mr Jenkin would be on a legally dangerous ground if he did not give the councils a chance to negotiate after January 15.

It is unclear how many of them would be willing to do so. A hard-line faction led by Mr Ted Knight, leader of Lambeth, in south London, has been arguing that the Government will not make the necessary concessions until ministers are faced with confrontation.

Mr Knight is supported by the so-called London leaders' group, including Mr John Austin-Walker of Greenwich, Mr Tony Ritchie of Southwark, and Mr Ron Strockbridge of Lewisham.

This group has tended to dominate discussions, whereas leaders favouring early negotiation have been less vociferous, perhaps fearful of criticism of their left-wing credentials. The position of the Labour parliamentary leadership in

this debate has so far had little effect. The shadow environment secretary, Dr John Cunningham, has made it clear that sooner or later there must be an attempt at a negotiated settlement.

If there are to be talks the council side is almost certain to insist on a collective delegation to Mr Jenkin for fear that he might split their ranks by offering individual deals.

Mr Jenkin's problem is that the councils have high expectations of forcing him into retreat. If he does not show some flexibility he may find that they embark on a policy of confrontation, including refusal to fix legal rates in the spring.

But if he is flexible he may be criticised within his own party for weakness: many Tory MPs still blame him for being soft on Liverpool last year.

Plan to reduce Welsh heart deaths

By Paul Heyland, Welsh Correspondent

A major heart disease prevention programme is to be launched in Wales, which has one of the highest incidences of coronary thrombosis in the world.

Professor John Catford, who has been allocated £14 million, to run the programme over the next five years, said that Welshmen and women die each year from heart disease, which is equivalent in scale to a jumbo jet crashing every two weeks.

Heart disease is the commonest cause of death in the United Kingdom. The aim of the prevention programme is to reduce the level of fatalities.

"Little is being done in the field of prevention, unlike many other countries where constant reductions have occurred," Professor Catford said. "In the United States, Australia, New Zealand and parts of Europe there have been reductions of 20 per cent to 30 per cent in death rates over the last 10 years. In the UK the death rate, if anything, has climbed."

The Welsh programme will concentrate on the promotion of health through regular exercise, a balanced diet and the control of raised blood pressure. Other initiatives will include the rehabilitation of heart attack sufferers and training in resuscitation.

For those worried about the effects of a cholesterol-packed Christmas, the programme's assistant director of public affairs, Mr Huw Davies, said: "Our message is enjoy yourselves but try to balance things out in the following week."

Other programmes say "No" to all the time but saying "Yes" to most things. The only thing we are saying "No" to all the time is smoking.

He continued: "You should strengthen your heart with a little light exercise every day. For people who find jogging difficult, swimming is much more pleasant."

The biggest problem facing the programme's directorate will be changing the Welsh way of life. Heavy drinking, heavy smoking and starchy foods are characteristic of the South Wales industrial heartland.

If successful the programme may be extended at five-yearly intervals. "This is an educational programme and we are not a charity," said Mr Davies.

The Health Education Council and the Welsh Office have provided the initial budget, which is expected to be augmented by contributions from industry and other organisations.

Professor Catford, formerly of Wessex Regional Health Authority, has been appointed professor of health education and health promotion at the University of Wales College of Medicine in Cardiff. The chair is the first of its kind in Europe and it is hoped that the academic unit will be a "major force in setting a new direction for the promotion of good health in Britain."

Activities will be mounted in numerous settings, including sports centres, doctors' surgeries, the workplace, hospitals and community centres. Awards may be given to industries that reduce hypertension to help to combat heart disease.

Schools and youth clubs will also be involved in the scheme, which will be launched with a television series.

"There will be a steering committee of education and health authorities, general practitioners and lay people giving us support," Mr Davies said.

The World Health Organisation is to give the programme the status of a WHO collaborating centre.

Nuclear veterans seek Commonwealth inquiry

By Paul Brown

Greenpeace and the British Nuclear Test Veterans called yesterday for a Commonwealth commission inquiry into the effects of British nuclear tests which were held in Australia and Christmas Island in the Pacific in the 1950s.

The Royal Commission into the Australian nuclear tests starts its British hearings in London today. The veterans claim that not all the relevant documents will be made available by the Ministry of Defence.

At a press conference yesterday the veterans produced documents which they said showed that although Britain knew of the dangers which servicemen and natives faced little or nothing was done to protect them. The papers were marked secret, but had been found in public record offices 30 years later.

One of the documents, dated June 24, 1953, states that "the Government of Australia, advised by their own scientists, will satisfy themselves as to

the adequacy of the safeguards of life and property."

In the event no Australian scientist was involved in health and safety checks, and none attended the tests. The statement that the public would be safeguarded was read in the British and Australian Parliaments in 1953.

A second document, from the Medical Research Council in February 1947 concerning the effects of radiation on plants, animals and man, warned that "all quantitative experiments show that even the smallest doses of radiation produce a genetic effect, there being no threshold dose below which no genetic effect is induced."

Mr George Pritchard, for Greenpeace, said that the state, that the Australian government would look after the safety of its people placed a moral obligation upon it now.

"We are asking for justice for the civilian victims of tests and the test veterans," he said. Only a Commonwealth inquiry with countries involved who

had no vested interest in nuclear matters could be trusted to try to find out the full facts, he said.

Mr Glen Alcala, a test veteran representative from America, said there were 60 atomic and hydrogen bomb explosions between 1946 and 1958.

He believed that it was not the money which would have to be paid to test veterans which was causing the official silence over the tests, but the broader issues of the dangers in the nuclear fuel cycle and the effects of low-level radiation on humans.

Mr Alcala said that out of 3,800 US veterans with claims against the Government, 14 had received awards so far, all of them for terminal cancer patients. Most of them had now died.

He said that Marshall Islanders in the Pacific were left unprotected in the path of fallout from the first hydrogen bomb for three days before servicemen came to evacuate them. By that time the fallout was three inches deep. The children had thought it was snow.

The radiation burns and subsequent diseases suffered by the people had been used as a blueprint by United States scientists to study the effects of nuclear war. This information had always been suppressed as a military secret, and was a terrible crime against innocent people, Mr Alcala said.

Mr Ken McGinley, chairman of the British Test Veterans, said that the current National Radiological Protection Board's study into victims of British tests did not include genetic defects in children. The national average of genetic defects was less than 2 per cent, but among nuclear test veterans' children it was 16 per cent, he added.

Listening post gives 1984 to Scargill

By Dennis Barker

BBC Radio 4's annual Men and Women of the Year poll of listeners, it was disclosed yesterday, has turned up a strange double bill at the top of the Top Ten lists: Mr Arthur Scargill and Mrs Thatcher.

Mr Scargill easily beat the chairman of the National Coal Board, Mr Ian MacGregor, who came joint eighth with Dr David Owen and Mr Tam Dalyell, MP. He had a decisive lead over the number two on the male list, the Brighton bomb victim, Mr Norman Tebbit.

Some voting postcards sent in by listeners to Radio 4's Today programme said of Mr Scargill that, however much they disliked him, he was obviously the man of the year. Thatcher's victory was even more conspicuous: she polled the largest number of votes in the several thousand postcards sent to the BBC in the fortnight before Christmas.

Royalty had a mixed rating. Princess Anne, usually ill at ease in the public eye, was runner-up to Mrs Thatcher as number two of the Top Ten Women, while that stock favourite, the Princess of Wales, failed to get placed in the Top Ten, despite the birth of her second son. The Princess of Wales can take some comfort from the fact that a Woman's Own magazine survey this week found her to be the most popular Briton among people abroad, especially in the US, France, Japan, Germany, and Australia.

Clergymen did well. Rabbi Lionel Blue, who has brought humour to the Thought for the Day slot, was third in the men's list. The vigorously pro-miner Bishop of Durham, Dr David Jenkins, was fourth, the Nobel prize-winner, Bishop Desmond Tutu, fifth. Seventh (after the weatherman, Ian McCaskill, at sixth) came Monsignor Bruce Kent of CND — the only survivor from the 1983 Top Ten, when he was first.

It was a good year for dissidents generally. Mrs Joan Raddeck of CND was third, followed by Miss Sarah Tisdall, who leaked defence papers to the Guardian and went to gaol, at fourth.

A BBC spokesman declined to speculate about why Terry Wogan had not been mentioned by listeners, though his wife had. But he did reveal that 15 discarded postcards, all in the same handwriting, had suggested as Man of the Year Roger Cook of the BBC Checkpoint anti-twister programme. "They all came from Barrow," he said. "Mr Cook does not live in Barrow."

Police pursue theory of 'contract' killing

By Gareth Parry

Detectives hunting the killers of a wealthy London dress manufacturer on New Year's day are not ruling out the possibility that his murder might have been a gangster contract killing.

Mr Aristos Constantinou, aged 40, was shot seven times after he and his wife Elena returned to their home in The Bishop's Avenue, the so-called millionaire's row, in Hampstead, north London, after a party.

The ferocity of the shooting — Mr Constantinou was hit three times in the face — was not considered by police to be the usual action of burglars surprised by the couple's return.

A Scotland Yard spokesman said yesterday: "We are not ruling out the possibility of it being associated with business, or other motives."

Mr Constantinou, who was born in Cyprus, started selling dress material from a barrow near Carnaby Street in the 1960s, but quickly developed his business into a multi-mil-

lion pound-a-year concern. Artistic, supplying medium-priced fashions to high street shops throughout Britain.

His success, marked by his moving into his £1.25 million, 10-bedroom mansion six years ago, had earned him some envious enemies in the Cypriot community.

The couple's three sons, aged three, four, and seven, were staying with their grandparents when Mr Constantinou and his wife, who is in her early twenties, returned home at 1.30 am.

Mrs Constantinou went up stairs to a bedroom and became aware of someone standing behind her. A man dressed in black and wearing a carnival monster mask hit her in the mouth and locked her in a bathroom.

She heard her husband screaming downstairs, and then the sound of gunfire. Mrs Constantinou finally escaped through a window, shinned down a drainpipe and attempted to get help from passing motorists. Two cars stopped, then drove away. Eventually, two youths on a

motorcycle came back to the house and climbed in through the bathroom window.

Mr Constantinou's body was found in a small room full of religious artefacts.

Two safes on the ground floor had been opened. Police said that many thousands of pounds were taken. A wall safe behind a painting had been opened, but foreign currency remained inside it.

Police said that the house, which, unlike most others in the road, was not protected by elaborate security systems, had not been ransacked. The Chinese housekeeper and her husband, who live in a flat at the back of the house, slept throughout the murder.

The killer's gun, a .25 calibre automatic pistol, may have jammed. One of the spent bullet casings found had split, indicating a faulty firing mechanism.

Detective Superintendent Robert Green, who is leading the investigation, said: "There is also a possibility of it being a robbery that has gone badly wrong, and it might well be that the gun was damaged."



The house where Mr Constantinou was murdered

Picture by E. Hamilton-West

Test for no-strike union deal

By John Ardill, Labour Correspondent

The first critical test of the no-strike deals being made between the Electrical Electronic Telecommunications and Plumbing Union and electronics companies will come next week when arbitration takes place in a pay dispute between the union and the Sanyo company in Lowestoft.

Professor Sidney Kessler, of the City University in London, will decide between the company and union cases by the "pendulum" arbitration method, an essential feature of the deals, prohibiting the arbitrator splitting the difference between claim and offer.

The union has rejected a pay offer, including 6 per cent on basic rates, an extra day holiday and three weeks bonus, which the company says is worth 12.5 per cent of its pay bill for the 250 employees. The union wants phased progress towards what it says is the national average for television manufacturing.

Professor Kessler will conduct hearings at Lowestoft on Thursday and Friday next week. If he finds for the union he will also have to establish what the average rate is in the company's general manager, Mr Noel Salmon, said yesterday.

He said the union was comparing the basic rate of production operators with that of similar workers in places like Croydon. Other grades of worker at Lowestoft earned very much more, and the company's offer was in line with local average rates.

The arbitration is believed to be the first under this type of agreement, which many other unions bitterly opposed.

Poison fumes affect eight

Eight people were taken to hospital yesterday after a potassium cyanide tank had overheated, giving off poisonous ammonia fumes at a chemical factory on Merseyside.

The Vactite factory in Hawthorn Road, Bootle, had to be evacuated. Firemen, supervised by chemists, were later cooling the tank down and diluting the chemical.

Heath predicts further rebellion over budget

By Colin Brown

A warning of more Tory backbench rebellions was given yesterday by Mr Edward Heath, the former Conservative Prime Minister.

The main battle will be over the shape of the forthcoming spring budget in which the Chancellor intends to give £1.5 billion in tax cuts by raising tax thresholds.

Mr Heath, interviewed on ITN, echoed growing Tory backbench demands for the money to be spent instead in direct schemes to reduce unemployment through capital projects such as sewer building.

Mrs Thatcher and the Chancellor, Mr Lawson, have firmly rejected this course, but the senior Tory dissenters are determined to continue their campaign to get the Government to change course. This is likely to lead to a number of Tories voting against the budget proposals.

Asked about the possibility of further rebellions, Mr Heath

said: "Oh yes, I am sure of that because there are very fundamental differences between us. What you call rebellions have come in a very wide number of fields, particularly because there is a growing feeling in the party that much more needs to be done on employment."

Mr Ian Gow, the Housing Minister, stood firm yesterday against Tory backbench critics who are threatening to rebel over the £1 billion cut in the housing investment programme.

Mr Gow, interviewed on BBC radio, said: "I am totally committed to the policy of sound money and honest finance. I recognise that harsh decisions about public expenditure have to be taken if we are to ensure that we have a strong and sound economy."

Some Tory MPs believe that the cuts are the Treasury's revenge for failing to obtain £800 million in cuts in other housing programmes in the autumn.

OBITUARY

Hollywood lyricist

LEO ROBIN, the lyricist, who collaborated with Ralph Rainger, Jerome Kern, Julie Styne and many other famous musicians, has died in Los Angeles, aged 84. He won an Academy Award for putting words in Bob Hope's mouth when Hope sang "Thanks for the Memory" in the film The Big Broadcast, of 1938.

He also wrote Maurice Chevalier's most famous songs, Louise, Jack Benny's theme song, Love in Bloom, Hammond's Are A Girl's Best Friend, from the film Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, and Beyond the Blue Horizon.

He wrote the scores for more than 30 Hollywood films, including Casbah, Little Miss Marker and My Sister Irene, and once had three musicals running simultaneously on Broadway. Robin, who began as a law student and journalist, is survived by his wife, a daughter, and three grandchildren.

25pc of smokers die early

By Penny Chorlton

A quarter of the 15 million regular smokers in Britain will die early unless they join the growing numbers of those giving up anti-smoking campaigners said in London yesterday.

Announcing this year's National No-Smoking Day, they predicted that more than a million would try to kick the habit on March 20, which is not only the first day of spring but also the day after the budget, when campaigners hope the tax on tobacco will rise.

Donald Reid, chairman of the organising committee, said the aim was not to ban smoking but to help smokers who wished to stop.

"The majority of smokers really want to stop. National No Smoking Day provides them with an incentive to do so and moral support to succeed," he said.

More than 100 events will take place around the country. The campaign hopes to persuade celebrities to lend their support, but one organiser said: "The trouble is finding celebrities who haven't already given up."

The experts believe that two-thirds of smokers who consistently say they would like to

give up will eventually succeed if they keep trying.

Mr Reid coordinates the Health Education Council's £2 million a year anti-smoking programme, which began in 1980. Since then the number of smokers has fallen by a quarter and the number of cigarettes sold is down by a third.

Heart and cancer research charities are contributing towards the £100,000 cost of the day.

This might seem like a lot of money, but when you compare it to the saving in smokers' lives, it is very small indeed," said Richard Peto, of



Donald Reid — 'giving smokers help to give up'

the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford.

"It is also not very much compared to the £100 million we know to be the conservative underestimate of what the tobacco industry spends on advertising each year," added David Simpson, director of Action on Smoking and Health.

Professor Gerry Shaper, who is studying the health of middle-aged men in 24 towns said that a quarter of all men between 40 and 50 have evidence of coronary heart disease.

"The key factor, although not necessarily the exclusive one, is whether they are smokers," he said, adding: "Smokers are three times more likely to risk coronary heart disease than non-smokers."

Mr Peto said: "The good news for smokers is that if they give up somehow, not only will they avoid a one in four chance of certain, and probably painful, death, but if they stop before any major disease has started their past smoking habits will not affect their future health."

The Department of Health yesterday announced further moves to reduce tar levels in cigarettes after a voluntary agreement with the tobacco industry.

Hope for drummer

Surgeons who sewed back the left arm of the rock musician, Rick Allen, said yesterday that the operation appeared to have been successful.

The 21-year-old drummer with the heavy metal band Def Leppard was critically injured in a New Year's Eve car crash. His condition was said to be stabilised and slightly improved in the Royal Hallamshire Hospital, Sheffield.

Mr Allen, of Drunfield, Derbyshire, was thrown out of his Corvette Stingray car when it overturned on the A57 between Derbyshire and Sheffield. His arm was sewn back in a four-hour operation by a micro-vascular surgeon, Mr Robert Page.

A farmworker has been allowed home from hospital less than four months after surgeons sewed back his left foot, which had been severed in a farmyard accident. Mr Denis Wilson, aged 63, was injured when a fork-lift truck ran over him. "I shall soon be walking again," said Mr Wilson at his home in Main Road, Moulton Seas End, near Holbeach, Lincolnshire.

River plan rejected

The Gloucester Conservative MP, Mrs Sally Oppenheim, has lost her battle to develop commercially one of the most beautiful stretches of the river Severn.

Mrs Oppenheim, who owns large areas of land around Britain's longest river, at Wainloades Hill, had wanted to build a fisherman's centre on top of a cliff face.

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Labour MP urges Home Office to allow mother last-minute reprieve

Deportation of Cypriot woman splits family

By Sarah Boseley

A Cypriot woman is to be deported this morning, taking her three-year-old daughter with her but leaving her two young sons, both British citizens by birth, with their grandparents.

The Labour MP Mr. John Silkin called yesterday for a last minute change of heart by the Home Office on what he described as "the worst deportation case I have ever come across."

Mrs Ayse Halli, aged 32, of Millbank Grove, New Cross, London, has been fighting to stay in Britain with her parents since they emigrated to this country from Cyprus in 1971. Her misfortune was that they failed to register her as a British citizen while she was under 18. When she married a Cypriot she automatically gained his citizenship.

Mrs Halli's father served in the British army for 25 years in Cyprus and both her parents have been British citizens since 1947. Her brother was given citizenship in 1976.

When her parents left Cyprus, Ayse and her husband followed and we allowed to stay until 1976, when they were served with a deportation order. After a legal battle they left in 1981.

By that time they had two sons, both born British citizens. They left the eldest, Sabah, then eight, with his grandparents and took Serhan, aged four, with them. Their daughter, Sebnem, was born in Cyprus three months later.

The Home Office Minister, Mr David Waddington, in a letter to Mr Silkin made it clear

that he takes particular exception to the fact that Mrs Halli returned to Britain illegally in June 1983 on a new Turkish passport with a different name after her marriage broke down. Her husband informed the British authorities that she had returned. She was arrested in September 1983.

A campaign to stop her deportation has been mounted by parents and teachers from Myatt Garden School in Lewisham, South-east London, which the two boys now 12 and 7, attend, which has won the backing of local councillors, MPs and trade unionists.

Mrs Halli hopes to stay with friends in Turkey and arrange her divorce, which her husband has so far refused to consent to.

A campaign spokeswoman said that the battle was not over: "We want to bring her home."

She drew a comparison with the grant of British citizenship to the South African athlete Zola Budd, who returned to Britain yesterday. "It seems a very strange set of priorities for medal winners and their families to be set up while Ayse is sent away from her family."

Mr Waddington wrote in his letter to Mr Silkin that under the immigration rules Mrs Halli did not qualify to stay, and since she had flouted the rules to enter illegally he could not reconsider.

"I really cannot allow it to be thought that deportation orders do not matter and that a person can re-enter with impunity and be rewarded with permission to stay permanently," he wrote.



Ayse Halli with her children (from left), Sebnem, Serhan and Sabah outside the House of Commons. Picture by Garry Weaser

Fugitive charged with two murders

From Bob Redwell in Belfast

The man arrested by anti-terrorist branch detectives outside the Sun newspaper in London on Sunday was remanded in custody, charged with two murders committed more than 12 years ago, by Belfast magistrates yesterday.

Mervyn Moore, aged 41, from the Protestant Sandy Road district of Belfast, was flown under police escort to Belfast on Monday after being charged at Paddington Green police station with murdering Mr Patrick Devanny, a Catholic, in August, 1972, and Mr Ernest "Duke" Elliott, an early leader of the Protestant Ulster Defence Association, in December of that year.

Moore's arrest followed an attempt to sell his story of alleged terrorist activities in Northern Ireland to the Sun. After rejecting the offer the paper telephoned Scotland Yard.

The court was told that a bench warrant for Moore's arrest was issued three months ago when he jumped bail in Belfast. He is since understood to have been in the Irish Republic and in Spain.

Moore's solicitor, Mr Patrick Donnelly, said his client had been branded a "supergrass" by the media, and particularly the Sun. On Monday the Sun reported that Moore had said he had been granted bail after promising to give evidence in respect of six other murders.

But Mr Donnelly said he had been granted bail in the Northern Ireland High Court only after the bailing of several other loyalists on murder charges. He wanted to place on record the fact that his client had not indicated that he would give evidence.

Moore, who was said to have made no reply when charged, was remanded in custody for a week.

TV elephant goes back to the circus

By Scumas Milne

Maureen the elephant's days in the limelight are over. A television advertisement for Commodore Computers, which featured the circus elephant dressed in boxing gloves and shorts, has been banned by the Independent Broadcasting Authority after protests from animal lovers throughout the country.

In a letter to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals the IBA chairman, Lord Thomson of Monifeth, said: "We have now advised the agency and the television companies that this advertisement, which has now come to the end of its natural life, will not be allowed to return to the television screens."

Before filming of the advertisement began, the RSPCA claims that it told the American computer firm that it found the project utterly tasteless, and that it was totally opposed to such uses of performing animals.

But yesterday Mr Don Elgie, who handles Commodore's account at the advertising agency Grandfield, Rork, Collins said that the RSPCA had told his company that it had no objection to the commercial itself, although it was opposed in principle to animals appearing in advertisements.

Commodore's television commercial showed Maureen, who usually works for the Bobby Roberts travelling circus, sitting in the corner of a boxing ring waiting for a bout to start. The manager of her human opponent had fainted. The idea, a spokesman for the company explained yesterday, was to show how the enormous memory of the Commodore 64 computer would knock out the competition.

A RSPCA spokesman said yesterday that the society had received dozens of complaints from the public and its own members. RSPCA staff had also expressed concern.

Its director of public relations, Mr Mike Smithson, commented: "We are very pleased that the IBA has seen fit to ban this advertisement and we hope that other advertisers will take notice."

A spokesman for Commodore said that the commercial had run its course and there were no plans to use it again. "The script was approved by the Independent Television Contractors' Association, and there is no way that we would consciously set out to offend public taste or subject an elephant to cruelty."

The spokesman said the elephant did not have to do more than she would normally do in the course of her circus work.

Man dies after fall

A New Year's Eve partygoer who fell 150ft down an open lift shaft has died in hospital from multiple injuries.

Mr Oparah, a 22-year-old West Indian, of Kingstanding, Birmingham, fell from the 14th floor landing of a multi-storey tower block in Highgate, Birmingham, and landed on the roof of the lift, 12 floors below.

How he came to fall after being ejected from the party is

still unclear and police are trying to trace all the 200 guests to discover what happened.

Police understand that he was involved in an argument moments before he fell. It took rescue crews more than an hour to release him but he died during the night in Birmingham's accident hospital.

Police are also considering an allegation that someone deliberately pushed open the outer lift doors.

UK 'should invest more in space'

By John Ezard

A CALL to the Government to set up a British agency which would be involved in a long-term European project aimed at establishing human colonies in space stations was made yesterday by Professor Martin Rees, Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge.

In a booklet sent to the Prime Minister, Mr Thatcher, with the backing of three other eminent scientists, Professor Rees warned that Britain was in severe danger of missing the immense potential benefits if it did not increase its budget for space exploration.

The booklet is the first publication of the Argo Venture, the latest enterprise started by Lord Young of Darlington, co-founder of the post-war consumer movement and the Open University.

The Venture's other founders include the Apollo 9 lunar module pilot, Mr Russell Schweickart, the atmospheric chemistry specialist, Professor James Lovelock of Reading University, Professor Heinz Wolf, director of the Brunel Institute of Biotechnology, and Professor Geoffrey Eglington, head of organic geochemistry at Bristol.

His move was timed to influence political discussion about whether Britain and Europe should join President Reagan's Columbus programme to have a manned space station operational by 1992.

In the booklet's preface Lord Young urged Mrs Thatcher to support the French proposal for a shuttle which could give Europe a manned space flight capability in the 1990s instead of relying on the US space shuttle. This would leave open the prospect of Europe eventually having its own space station.

Prof Rees said that Britain's yearly non-military space spending of about £80 million compared badly with France's £500 million budget, and was poorly co-ordinated because of the lack of a British space agency.

Union denies claim of classroom racism

By Andrew Mencer

A claim that inherent racialism among teachers is to blame for poor performance at school by West Indian children is strongly denied today by the National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers.

In a booklet on multi-ethnic education the NAS/UNT also warns against the trend to discriminate systematically in favour of some minority groups by selective funding.

"To place the needs of ethnic minority groups above those of a large mass of indigenous white people living in similar circumstances is to invite trouble," it says. "It serves to encourage the growth of militant organisations which feed upon prejudice and bitterness, and is unlikely to advance the cause of race relations to which all right-thinking people are committed."

The union's view comes shortly before the Swann Committee is expected to report on the education of children from ethnic minorities. It is also a response to the committee of inquiry's interim report, which identified the problem of under-achievement by some children of West Indian origin.

The NAS/UNT says that it rejects unsubstantiated state-

ment by some West Indian parents, who blamed racial prejudice for their children's poor performance. The union says that factors outside the school have a far greater influence.

"Comparisons between the success in general of Asians at school and the failure to some degree of West Indian children support our view that it is external factors and relationships which have a strong bearing on whether or not children from different minority groups perform well at school," says the union's booklet.

The vast majority of teachers are determined to combat the prejudice that children may bring to school from outside, the union says. Many teachers discriminate positively in favour of minority children to avoid accusations of racial prejudice, particularly when enforcing discipline.

Mr Fred Smithies, the general secretary of NAS/UNT, said yesterday: "Wherever there is evidence of under-achievement, as Swann found in the case of some children of West Indian origin, positive steps are needed so as to ensure that children suffering from educational disadvantage are given every opportunity to achieve their full potential."

Plea to Mencap after Down's school refusal

A couple whose plan to convert an hotel in Teignmouth, Devon, into a special school for Down's Syndrome children was rejected by councillors, are hoping to enlist the support of the director of the Royal Society of Mencap, Brian Rix, in an attempt to reverse the decision.

Sandra and Barry Silkstone who are hostel wardens for 15 mentally handicapped children at a school in Bristol, say they were very surprised by the planning committee's for the conversion of the four-storey, 15-bedroom Baveno Hotel.

Mencap was one of several organisations involved in talks with officials in Teignmouth after some public house licensees banned mentally handicapped holidaymakers from their premises in 1982. Mr Rix said yesterday that it was an area of "some sensitivity," and it would be premature for Mencap to comment on the hotel plan.

Possible noise was one of the reasons for refusal, but Mrs Silkstone said: "Down's

Syndrome children learn to speak much later. You never hear a Down's child shout. They are so sweet and gentle-natured, and there would be hardly any noise at the school."

Teignmouth's principal planning officer, Mr Michael Penn, said yesterday that a special sub-committee which visited the site recommended approval, but the council's full planning committee later rejected the application.

Teignmouth's mayor, Mr Peter Winterbottom who attended the site meeting but not the committee meeting, said: "I have told Mrs Silkstone that if she didn't like the decision we live in a democracy and she can appeal to the Secretary of State."

Mr Rod Ballard, chairman of Exeter Special Needs Housing Group, and father of a Down's Syndrome boy, said he was saddened by the refusal.

"What I find so sad and pathetic is that anybody should think that these children will cause any extra difficulty to neighbours," he said.

By 1991 discharges of long-life radioactivity from Sellafield will be less than 1% of the 1973 level.

1973

British Nuclear Fuels plc has just committed a £150 million investment to cut discharges of radioactivity into the Irish Sea.

By 1991 discharges of long-life radioactivity, including plutonium, will be down to less than 6% of today's levels.

This latest project is part of a continuing long-term programme which has already achieved impressive results.

So the 1991 level will be less than 1% of the peak discharge level recorded in the early 1970's.

British Nuclear Fuels has to comply with discharge limits imposed by the Government.

We have done so well in cutting our discharges that these limits are being reduced.

We are committed to doing even better in the future.

Committed to getting our discharges down to the lowest practicable level.

A level that will match the best achieved by any comparable nuclear reprocessing plant in the world.

For further information write to: Information Services, BNFL, Risley, Warrington, Cheshire WA3 6AS.

BNFL

1985

1991

NEWS
IN BRIEFAirliner
wreckage
sighted

A BOLIVIAN pilot said yesterday he had sighted wreckage of a plane in the Andes near where a US Eastern Airlines airliner with 35 people aboard disappeared on Tuesday night.

The pilot of the Lloyd Aéreo Boliviano said he saw the wreckage on the 21,450-foot Illimani Peak which overlooks La Paz.

In Asunción, the US embassy said Mrs. Marian Davis, wife of the US ambassador to Paraguay, and Mr. William Keely, head of the American Peace Corps in the country, were among those on board the US plane. — Reuters.

Greenland quits

GREENLAND will become the first country to leave the EEC on February 1, a month later than planned, officials of the island's home-rule government said yesterday in Copenhagen. The withdrawal was delayed because the British Republic failed to ratify the arrangement in time. — Reuters.

Spies 'thrive'

MORE Communist spies are working in the Bonn embassies of Warsaw Pact countries and on average one third of the total staff are now secret service agents, a senior West German official said yesterday. More than 50 per cent of staff in the Soviet mission were spies, he added. — Reuters.

Soviet N-blast

THE Soviet Union exploded a nuclear device at an underground testing site on Friday, the Swedish Hagfors Observatory reported yesterday. The explosion, which measured 7.3 on the Richter scale, took place at the Semipalatinsk military testing range in eastern Kazakhstan. — Reuters.

Ustinov honour

THE Soviet Union has changed the name of a central Russian town, Izhevsk, to honour the late defence minister and Politburo member, Marshal Dmitry Ustinov, Tass said yesterday. A naval vessel, a military unit and a factory have also been renamed Ustinov. — Reuters.

Lee successor

A US-trained technocrat, Mr. Goh Chok Tong was sworn in yesterday as Singapore's first deputy premier and Defence Minister. Personally groomed for politics by the Prime Minister, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, he is seen as the country's next leader. — Reuters.

Cllr. Castro

PRESIDENT CASTRO, son of Spanish immigrants, was yesterday named honorary councillor of Oleiros, a small town in north-western Spain, the home of his ancestors. The ceremony was performed at the Galician centre in Havana. — AP.

Assam victims

AN EARTHQUAKE in India's northeastern state of Assam on Monday left 4,000 people homeless, and caused big damage to property, officials said yesterday. Three key bridges were also damaged. — Reuters.

Rebels attack

PERUVIAN guerrillas opened the new year with a series of bomb attacks, blacking out southern Peru and damaging army installations in Lima. Two soldiers were also wounded in Tuesday's attacks. — Reuters.

Dutch courage

A DUTCHMAN, Freddy Meijer, accused of kidnapping the brewery magnate, Freddie Heineken, in 1983, escaped from a psychiatric hospital in Utrecht on Tuesday night. — Reuters.

Senate win

AUSTRALIA's new Nuclear Disarmament Party yesterday appeared to have won its first seat in the Federal Senate after the Opposition conceded defeat in Western Australia. — AP.

Bag ban

ITALY yesterday announced plans to ban plastic bags beginning in January, 1991. The bags, which are non-biodegradable, are considered a pollution problem. — AP.

Floods kill 20

AT least 20 people died in severe floods which swept eastern Algeria after days of heavy rains. Three villages were hit by landslides. — Reuters.

\$7m blaze

Uthoorn, Netherlands: Petrol bombs were the probable cause of a new year's day blaze which caused more than \$7 million damage to shopping centre in this northern Dutch town, police said yesterday. The fire, which started in the early hours of Tuesday, gutted 22 of 24 shops in the complex. — Reuters.

Clark's resignation will be
seen as erosion of hard lineConservative
Reagan aide
to leave
the Cabinet

From Mark Tran
in Washington

One of President Reagan's closest aides, the Interior Secretary, Mr. William Clark, has announced that he will resign in the next few months and return to his California ranch.

His surprise departure is likely to be seen by Mr. Reagan's conservative supporters as yet further erosion of the Administration's ideological purity. As Interior Secretary, Mr. Clark controls the country's natural resources.

The resignation follows Mr. Reagan's failure, so far, to appoint another conservative favourite, the UN ambassador, Mrs. Jeane Kirkpatrick, to a top post. She had her eye on the departments of State, Defence, and the National Security Adviser's post, but none of the incumbents was prepared to move. Her taking the job of the presidential counsellor, Mr. Edwin Meese, has been mooted.

Mr. Clark is said to have offered his services to Mr. Reagan for occasional specific assignments, but has no desire to return to a post in Washington or to serve on the Federal Bench.

Mr. Clark, aged 53, has been a key aide since Mr. Reagan's early days of California governorship. Mr. Reagan has relied on him several times to deal with particularly sticky situations.

Mr. Clark became the object of political jibes when he told a 1981 Senate hearing on his appointment to the State Department that he could not name several important prime ministers, and could not answer key questions on foreign policy issues.

Despite this, he was appointed deputy Secretary of State to stop the running feud between the then Secretary of State, Mr. Alexander Haig, and the White House staff. After Mr. Clark's appointment to the post of National Security Adviser, Mr. Haig felt he did not have enough control over foreign policy and resigned.

As National Security Adviser, Mr. Clark took a strong interest in Central America, and often sided with the Secretary of Defence, Mr. Casper Weinberger, in his attempts to win big increases in the defence budget.

Possible successors to Mr. Clark are the Energy Secretary, Mr. Donald Rumsfeld, and Senator Paul Laxalt, a close friend of the President.

In his last trouble-shooting role, Mr. Clark was brought into the Department of Interior last September to replace the controversial James Watt, who resigned after making an insulting remark concerning minorities and the handicapped. The appointment had the desired calming effect. A Democratic congressman, Mr. Sidney Yates, said, "I must say, Mr. Secretary, you put out fires very quickly."

Mr. Watt was forced from office after referring to members of a government committee as "a black... a woman, two Jews and a cripple."

As Interior Secretary, Mr. Clark has generally been credited with defusing the controversy over the administration's pro-development policies and Mr. Watt's confrontational style, which was seen as a campaign liability to Mr. Reagan.

"My task at Interior is substantially complete so it's time to go home to California," Mr. Clark was quoted as saying.

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Mitterrand expected to switch channels

From Paul Webster
in Paris

About 1,700 television transmitters have been imported by France during the past few months ahead of an expected presidential election to licence private stations and end the state television monopoly.

A powerful private television lobby that includes some of Mr. Mitterrand's closest advisers is pressing the President to give the go-ahead to private television when he addresses the country on television on January 9.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Fabius, has told his staff that the establishment of a series of local television channels is inevitable despite opposition by the Culture Minister, Mr. Lang, and the Communications Minister, Mr. Filloud.

The Prime Minister's support

could be crucial in a decision which many leaders of the Socialist Party see as an important electoral argument before the departmental polls in March and the run-up to the 1986 general elections.

A break in the state television monopoly would follow the 1981 Socialist decision to legalise private radio. There are now more than 70 private stations in Paris and more than 1,000 in France as a whole.

Mr. Mitterrand is said to be looking for an electoral message which could rejuvenate a demoralised Socialist Party and has been advised that legalising commercial television could increase the young socialist image personified by the Prime Minister, who is 38.

Among those in favour are the President's most influential economic and political adviser,

Mr. Jacques Attali, who is three years older than Mr. Fabius. He has advised the President to set up his own television studio in the Elysee Palace so that he can address the country regularly.

The President was upset recently when 200,000 young people marched through Paris to protest against measures to control the private Paris pop radio, NRJ, which was suspended for surpassing limits on transmission power.

Other pop radio stations were suspended by the government-appointed broadcasting authority but no attempt has been made to enforce the ban. Before his election, it is being recalled now, Mr. Mitterrand campaigned in favour of private radio and was charged by voters for broadcasting illegally.

Presidential officials feel that if Mr. Mitterrand does not announce approval of private television, opposition right-wing parties will make it a main theme of their general election campaigns. However, the President will have to weigh the probability of a rush of stations sponsored by opposition parties or their supporters, including conservative newspapers like Le Figaro.

But the main outside pressure has been from left-wing publications like the Nouvel Observateur magazine, and Liberation, both of which recently announced that the President had already decided in favour, implying that they had been given provisional go-ahead for their own television channels.

The public would probably support the move, after con-

tinued criticism of the quality of the three state-run channels and accusations of lack of political impartiality. State control of television has been controversial for more than two decades, despite attempts to increase objectivity 10 years ago by the former President, Mr. Giscard. He set up three competing channels with separate news staffs.

But Mr. Mitterrand has been warned that the Italian experience of licensing dozens of television channels has been questionable. About 1200 commercial stations are licensed but depend heavily on imported products.

Three years of French private radio has proved much the same. Despite a wide range of ethnic and cultural special interests, most stations still depend heavily on British and American pop programmes.



Good weather for ducks: A young Muscovy and his grandfather throw stale bread to the ducks at a popular lunch spot near the Dmitrovskaya Highway, Moscow, yesterday. Wild ducks used to Russian winters, remain in the north all the year round.

Hope of
Cyprus
solution

From George Coats
in Athens

The Greek Prime Minister, Mr. Papandreu, expressed guarded optimism over Cyprus developments during an interview with the press yesterday. But he saw little likelihood of similar progress in Greece's disputes with Turkey in the Aegean.

The Aegean and Cyprus disputes have overshadowed relations between the two NATO allies and dented the Alliance's effectiveness on its south-eastern flanks. Last month, both Turkey and Greece vetoed each other's proposals for troops to be earmarked for Nato use.

Recent developments on Cyprus may indicate that a breakthrough could be on the way. Mr. Papandreu's statement yesterday was the most positive he has made on the crisis. "For the first time in a decade there are positive signs on the Cyprus issue," he said. "The Turkish side has made significant steps in the direction of a viable and just solution." The Turkish steps, he went on, "are something new and cannot be coincidental."

Mr. Papandreu's comments come as the Turkish-Cypriot and Greek-Cypriot leaderships are preparing for a meeting of the respective Heads of State, Rauf Denktash and Mr. Spyros Kyprianou, in New York on January 17. The meeting was agreed after the two sides reached enough common ground to offer hope of a positive outcome during contacts through the UN Secretary-General in New York.

Refugees at
embassy
quit sit-in

From Anna Tomforde
in Bonn

Seventeen East German refugees who took part in the sit-in at the West German embassy in Prague and returned home, officials said yesterday. Most of the 40 remaining refugees are expected soon to follow them.

The deputy government spokesman, Mr. Jurgens Zuhoff, yesterday repeated Bonn's warning to East Germans that emigration to the West could not be forced by such spectacular means as occupying embassies.

The 17, among them several children, were driven to Prague's main railway station, where they boarded a train for East Berlin.

The East German authorities have promised that refugees abandoning their occupations will not be prosecuted and that their visa applications will be considered, although it has given no guarantee that they will be granted. More than 100 East Germans have already left the embassy, in which some had spent more than three months.

AP adds from Warsaw: Seven East Germans and two Poles who have been in Bonn's Warsaw embassy since November 5 have vowed to remain there until they are granted asylum in West Germany.

In a letter handed to two Western journalists, the group rejected an East German promise of freedom from prosecution, and said there would be "other negative effects" on their lives if they returned home. They did not elaborate.

Referring to East Germany's offer that they would not be punished if they left the embassy, the group said: "This can't be accepted."

Hunger striker
in hospital

From our Correspondent
in Bonn

An alleged leader of the extreme left-wing group, Christian Klar, has been moved from a Stuttgart gaol to a prison hospital after four weeks of hunger strike. The Justice Ministry announced yesterday.

Klar, aged 31, and 38 other prisoners began the fast on December 4 to protest against prison conditions. They are demanding to be imprisoned together and accorded "political status."

During the fast, there has been a series of 11 minor bomb attacks on Nato installations in West Germany.

Rivers
rescue
Caspian

MOSCOW: Russian scientists yesterday announced a big effort to salvage the sinking Caspian Sea by diverting water from two northern rivers to the Volga.

An estimated 5.8 billion cubic metres of water each year will be siphoned out of the Verkhnyaya Suihona and Onega rivers, which flow into the White Sea at the north-west corner of the country, according to the plans, outlined by Tass.

The project will allow irrigation of another 3 million acres of southern Volga Basin land — a focus of the Soviet farm programme as outlined in a Communist Party Central Committee meeting in October.

Mr. Grigory Voropayev, head of the Soviet Academy of Sciences Institute of water problems, said that the diversion would reduce the fish population of the rivers, but were not expected to cause any perceptible drop in the level of the White Sea.

The project designed to channel more water into the Caspian is the second big river diversion project embarked upon over the past 18 months.

After acknowledging in August, 1983 that irrigation had drained half the depth of the Aral Sea over the past decade, the Soviet Ministry of Land Reclamation and Water Resources last summer ordered plans for a canal to carry water from Siberia's Ob and Irtysh rivers to the Aral Sea Basin.

The Aral Sea, a vast salt lake in Soviet Central Asia, dropped by at least 20 feet a decade earlier and its shores receded 30 to 40 miles, exposing dusty sandlands.

Tass gave few details about the water level of the Caspian, saying only that it "now receives 13 to 14 per cent less fresh water from the rivers in its basin than it used to."

Tass noted that 25 per cent of the Soviet Union's 279 million population lives in the Volga Basin, that the region's factories account for a third of the country's industrial production, and about one fifth of Soviet agricultural output.

Tass said the Caspian accounts for 85 per cent of the world's sturgeon catch. One of the Soviet Union's biggest hard currency earners, black caviar, comes from the Caspian sturgeon.

The report said little about environmental consequences of the project except that 120 research institutes worked on this and "scientists were very cautious."

Tass said that locks for shipping would be built on the rivers from which water is being taken "to ensure the continuation of water transport." — AP.

Top officials 'authorised
priest kidnapping plot'

By Hella Pick

A Polish court heard yesterday that the decision to kidnap Father Jerzy Popieluszko, the pro-Solidarity priest, was authorised by the "top ranks" of the Interior Ministry, even though it was recognised that the priest's health was frail and that he might not survive.

This emerged yesterday from the testimony delivered with a heavy stutter, of the former lieutenant, Waldemar Chmielewski, one of three secret police charged with abducting and murdering Father Popieluszko.

The three have admitted killing the priest. But the two junior officers, the only ones in the witness stand since the trial began on December 27, have both argued that there was no premeditated plot to murder him. They have also said that they should not be

held responsible, as they were only obeying the orders of their immediate superior, the former Captain, Grzegorz Piotrowski, who is also charged with murder. He has yet to give evidence.

A fourth officer, former Colonel Adam Pietruszka, is charged with organising the plot against Father Popieluszko. He denies the charge.

The trial, which is being held in Torun, in north-west Poland, close to the woods where Father Popieluszko was kidnapped and beaten before being killed, resumed yesterday after a brief break for the new year holiday. It is expected to continue for at least three weeks.

President Jablonski, in a television address on New Year's Day, reinforced official promises that the "provocateurs must be duly punished."

The former Lieutenant, Leszek Pekala, yesterday completed his evidence without naming the officials, possibly even a deputy interior minister who he believed had authorised action against the priest.

When Chmielewski gave evidence he insisted that he had been led to believe that senior figures were involved. But he also said that he could name nobody above Colonel Pietruszka.

Like Pekala, he insisted that he took part in the kidnapping because Captain Piotrowski had ordered him. Both have also said that they had not been aware of any premeditated plot to kill Father Popieluszko.

Chmielewski yesterday conceded that there had been concern when the kidnapping was being plotted that the priest might die.

Pope's help
is sought
by Jackson

Rowe: The US civil rights leader, the Rev. Jesse Jackson, arrived in Rome yesterday and said he planned to discuss South Africa's apartheid system with the Pope.

An aide said Mr. Jackson might then travel to the Middle East to work for the release of several missing Americans on the anniversary of his trip to Syria, when he negotiated the freedom of a US airman shot down over Lebanon in 1983.

The unexpected diplomatic triumph temporarily boosted his standing but was insufficient to secure him the Democratic nomination for last year's US presidential election.

Mr. Jackson expects to meet the Pope this afternoon.

He has a visa to visit South Africa later this month, but wants it to be extended to early February to enable him to attend the installation of 1984 Nobel peace prize winner, Bishop Desmond Tutu, as Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg.

Mr. Jackson expressed the hope that the Pope could focus public attention on South Africa in the same way that he had stirred world concern for the problems of his native Poland.

Mr. Armando Gutierrez, Mr. Jackson's senior political adviser, said that the civil rights leader would ask the Pope to allow a group of Roman Catholic clerics to accompany him to South Africa for Bishop Tutu's installation.

Mr. Gutierrez said that Mr. Jackson was also hoping the Pope would write a letter to prisoners in South Africa and reiterate the Vatican's opposition to apartheid.

Bishop Emerson Moore, a Roman Catholic auxiliary bishop of New York, is accompanying Mr. Jackson.

Before he left New York, Mr. Jackson said he was working to



The Rev. Jesse Jackson becomes the main attraction during a sightseeing tour of the Vatican. He is to meet the Pope today for talks on apartheid and disarmament.

free three Americans missing in Beirut since last spring. He said he had been asked to intervene by the wife of Jeremy Levin, a journalist believed to be the prisoner of radical Shiite Muslims. The other missing men are William Buckley, a US embassy political official, and Benjamin Weir, a Presbyterian minister.

Mr. Gutierrez said that at the end of his stay in Rome, Mr. Jackson would go either to the Middle East or to London.

In an interview, Mr. Jackson said he might go to the Middle East from Rome or London but the trip was not certain because its timing would be very important.



Castro: The familiar face

Turkey struggles with the legacy of Ataturk

A year has passed since the handover of power from the army to civilians. Ian Black, in his second and final article, looks at the prospects for the future

ONE DAY last week President Kenan Evren of Turkey arrived at a high school in Ankara for a surprise inspection. He berated the pupils for the dirty and broken windows in the biology laboratory and asked who could recite by heart Ataturk's famous address to youth.

Before leaving, he rebuked the science teacher for his failure to explain why the "father of the nation" had abolished the Caliphate in 1924. Students should be brought up in a fashion that values cleanliness, the President admonished the class. "We don't want punks."

In its small way, the visit encapsulated several important and inter-related themes in Turkish life and politics today.

These include the demand for conformity and barracks-room discipline bred by years of nationalist education and the powerful memory of the near-anarchy of the late 1970s; genuine reverence for the legacy of Ataturk; and the stern paternalistic style of the military which, led by the then chief of staff, General Kenan Evren, intervened in September, 1980, true to tradition, to save the Turkish people from themselves.

A year has now passed since the armed forces handed over power to the civilian government of Mr Turgut Ozal. General Evren has shed his uniform and medals for a dark suit, but, like Ataturk himself and Ismet Inonu, the second president of the republic, is still universally regarded as a soldier and many continue to address him as "my commander."

The President travels widely in the country, often to the south-east, where the army is fighting Kurdish separatists, and is said to be blessed, despite his haughty Gaullist sense of his own importance, with a common touch.

After three military interventions since the founding of the republic 60 years ago, it has become something of a truism to observe that the armed forces occupy an unusually important role in Turkish life: yet the point has to be made, especially at least when — ostensibly at least — the civilians are in control again.

The military is the stron-

gest, most homogenous and most familiar institution in the country today. The helmeted conscripts who patrol the streets of Ankara and Istanbul, and elsewhere in those provinces where martial law is still in force, are part of the scenery, not an aberration.

Their presence serves as a reminder about who is really looking after the shop. "The Turkish military," argues a leftwing intellectual, "is like a father who is not loved very much but is respected and feared. People know that when they come they have to improve their behaviour."

There are basically two views about the role of the military now that Mr Ozal and his Motherland Party are in charge. One, that of the Government and its supporters, is that the soldiers are genuinely committed to a full return to barracks once the situation permits.

The opposite argument holds that the generals will never again relinquish the power they wield behind the scenes, and that the measures they implemented after the 1980 coup were designed, as one opponent of the regime puts it, to "recast Turkey for ever in their own image."

There is, many people believe, a fairly clear division of labour between civilians and soldiers with the former looking after the economy while everything else of importance — defence, foreign affairs, and internal security in particular — remains firmly in the hands of the military. This analysis appeals to both extremes of the political spectrum: "Ozal," says an official of the conservative True Path Party, "is responsible to his electorate — the military." For a radical journalist from Istanbul, the Government is merely the "financial arm" of the generals.

Such a schematic view can be misleading. It ignores the fact, for example, that Mr Ozal appears to have more influence in areas traditionally considered the preserve of the military: his relentless pursuit of business opportunities in the Arab and Islamic world — a sensitive issue because of Turkey's secularism and traditional orientation towards the West — does not



appear to annoy the generals.

The truth is, looking back at the genesis of the Government created after the general elections last November, that Mr Ozal established a surprising degree of independence from the start. His newly created Motherland Party won an overwhelming victory at the polls despite an appeal from General Evren for the electorate to choose between General

Sodep and the True Path.

The respective descendants of the old Republican People's Party and the Justice Party.

Just as the army does not interfere in economic policy, the civilians do not attempt to deal with security and human rights.

"Ozal and his party are pleased that martial law continues," says Dr Yalcin Kucuk, one of the most vociferous critics of the regime. "If there is a division

pursue radical economic policies, argues Adnan Kahveci, Mr Ozal's chief adviser, because it is different. "The other parties," he says, "are made up of old bureaucrats and people whose profession is solely politics. They are not doers. We have action-oriented, practical minded people."

He dismisses the suggestion that the Motherland Party is a rightwing body, despite the fact that the Prime Minister used to belong to the now banned Islamic Fundamentalist National Salvation Party and many of its MPs were with the National Action Party of the gauleiter Grey Wolves leader, Colonel Alparslan Turkes.

"The only ammunition the Opposition has against us is to convince the public that we are extremists," he says.

If we were extremists, we would not have won the elections, because the Turkish people reject extremism."

Mr Kahveci is almost certainly right. To be fair, it is not at all clear what the Turkish people do want. The 1982 Constitution and its accompanying laws severely constrained their freedoms that on many issues they are simply unable to make their voices heard.

The main complaint of the opposition parties is that they are still — despite the much vaunted transition to

democracy — denied real coverage on the state-run radio and television.

There have been some slight improvements in the past year. Strikes, for example, are no longer actually illegal, although the complexity of the rules governing labour relations serves as a deterrent. Journalists continue to be called in for questioning if they criticise the military.

New elections are not due until 1988 and there is no reason for Mr Ozal to go to the country before then while he still has a more or less free hand. President Evren, it is thought, has a stake in making the present system work, having distanced himself somewhat from the generals.

For many Turks there is a sense that, despite their many shortcomings, Mr Ozal and his men are making the best of a bad job. If, the optimists say, their economic policy is not a total disaster; if the Government is able to avoid foreign policy adventures; if the opposition parties have the time and the freedom to organise themselves for the next election, then things might turn out to be all right.

More than anything, though, the prospects for real progress must depend on the military and development of its stance, but quintessentially Turkish relationship with civilians.



On patrol: Top, at the Ataturk mausoleum and, above, General Evren. Pictures: Robin Laurence

'The Turkish military is like a father who is not loved very much but is respected and feared'

Sunalp's National Democracy Party and the Socialist Party of Mr Necdet Calp, the two cardboard parties approved by the military for the occasion.

If the vote for the Motherland Party — an amalgam of mostly rightwing and conservative supporters of the old parties banned after the coup — was indeed, as many Turks argue, a protest vote, then that protest was made even more forcefully again last March, when Mr Ozal and his men swept the board in the local and municipal elections.

General Sunalp and Mr Calp, by contrast, were defeated by the arrival of

of labour it is a voluntary one.

The relationship seems to work — although some senior officers are said to be concerned that Mr Ozal's zeal for privatisation means hiving off the Kemalist national heritage. The Prime Minister's free market approach is the direct opposite of the old tradition of Turkish economic: shaking up the inefficient State Economic Enterprises, liberalising imports, raising interest rates, lifting foreign exchange controls, cutting through red tape to encourage investors from abroad and make life easier at home.

The Government is able to

APPOINTMENTS

General

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DL 155 THE GUARDIAN

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Further particulars may be obtained from: The Secretary, University of Edinburgh, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh EH8 8YL, to whom applications, including the names of two referees, should be submitted by 14th January, 1985. Please quote Ref 24/84.

More Appointments appear on
pages 8, 9 and 17

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Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Leeds, LS2 9JT, quoting reference No. 6215. Closing date for applications: January 25, 1985.

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Closing date for applications is 17th January 1985.

SRD SAFETY AND RELIABILITY DIRECTORATE

Israeli banks to be sued

TEL AVIV: Dozens of customers have brought law suits against Israel's commercial banks over the 1983 collapse of bank shares, a bank official said yesterday.

In a report published earlier this week, the State Comptroller, Mr Yitzhak Tulk, accused the Government and the Central Bank of allowing four commercial banks to manipulate their stock on the Tel Aviv Exchange for the last 11 years.

The shares' market value eventually far exceeded the banks' assets. Thousands of investors lost money in October 1983, when an impending devaluation of the shekel drove share prices down as Israelis rushed to dump their stocks and buy dollars.

The bank official, who asked not to be identified, said that dozens of customers were suing the banks, claiming that stock market advisers at the banks intentionally misled them by touting the shares as guaranteed investments.

During the crisis, the banks — Leumi, Hapoalim, Israel Discount and United Mizrah — ran out of funds to support their stock. The Government intervened undertaking to buy bank shares from investors at a guaranteed dollar-linked price from 1983 to 1985.

"The lawsuits are a headache and they make headlines, but we are not worried at all," the official said. "I don't think we are going to lose."

He said that investors who held on to bank stock for at least two years made a profit despite the collapse. From 1980 to 1982, the shares' prices rose faster than Israel's three-share inflation.

The \$1 million lawsuit has already been brought in Jerusalem against Bank Leumi by 49 cooperative farmers that claim the bank advised against selling their shares just before prices dropped.

In one smaller claim, a Haifa woman has sued the Israel Discount Bank for \$155 for allegedly guaranteeing a profit on her shares and urging her not to sell them.

A majority of the estimated 25,000-strong black Jewish community in Ethiopia, known as the Falashas, are now in Israel, according to Mr Yehuda Dominitz, head of the Jewish Agency's immigration department.

Reuter.

Karami's pledge to hostages

Beirut: Lebanese police surveyed the no-man's land between rival militia front lines on the coast road south of Beirut yesterday in a first step towards reopening the road.

The Prime Minister, Mr Karami, meanwhile announced a five-point government programme to determine the fate of those kidnapped in recent clashes. Relatives of missing people have blocked traffic between Beirut's Muslim and Christian sectors for the past six days.

Mr Karami said that the Government had agreed to help the families of people kidnapped. The Government, he added, would work with the International Red Cross to secure the release of those kidnapped.

Meanwhile, Christian and Druze militias traded heavy fire on Tuesday night, only hours before the security plan was to go into effect. Hundreds of artillery shells crashed into homes and offices.

State and private radio stations said that 12 senior police officers conducted the road survey. They also travelled through the Druze hills overlooking the road site of many of the heavy guns and snipers that have fired on the road over the past weeks.

The officers are to tour the Christian-held section of the road between the Damour River and the beginning of the Israeli-occupied south at Sidon today.

Under the plan worked out among militia, police, and army commands, the officers were to make sure that all fighting along the coast road had stopped and that no snipers were left.

About 200 internal security police would then move from the outskirts of Beirut toward the coastal town of Damour to remove mines, earth mounds, and barricades that have blocked the road since last February's clashes.

Radio stations said the police force would begin the move towards Damour, 12.5 miles south of Beirut today or tomorrow.

Rival Druze and Christian militia commands have agreed to cooperate, ordering their fighters off the road by the time the troops are ready to move in.

The Cabinet held a three-hour meeting yesterday at President Gemayel's palace in Ba'abda to oversee the first stage of the security operation. —AP/Reuter.



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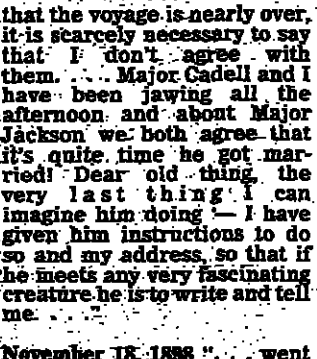
Ann Boyd — picture by Neil Kirk

In the final extract from her diaries, edited by her grandson, Peter Symes, Winifred Llewellyn chronicles her engagement and marriage

that the voyage is nearly over, it is scarcely necessary to say Jackson awaiting us, we bundled out all the luggage and followed its leisurely course, but Winfred's plans were dis-

May 19, 1900. "Relief of Mafeking Place were flying lining the streets... there has never been so big a crowd for both Siegfried and Brunhilde very nice to listen to (though)

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Picture by Denis Thorpe



Growing old gracefully is a human problem. But why we grow old at all is a puzzle for the evolutionists. John Horsfall reports

Old soldiers don't fade away

THERE ARE two problems with ageing. The first of great concern to all of us, is coping with its difficulties. The second, of great interest to the evolutionist, is understanding why it exists. That the very existence of senescence is a worthy subject for study might surprise, because surely the explanation is a trivial one. After all, other commonplace items in everyday use — lamp bulbs, lawnmowers and carpet slippers — must eventually decay from their initial glory through use and misuse: so why not the living body?

However, and whatever our personal excesses, it does seem unlikely that we simply grind our bodies into oblivion like so much tyre rubber, because the astonishing thing about living organisms is their capacity to repair, replace, and replicate in spite of the inhospitable world in which they find themselves.

They do this by expending energy to create and maintain the necessary degree of molecular order, an expenditure which might well decrease with age but probably as a consequence rather than a cause of senescence.

A second problem for the carpet slipper hypothesis is that different species of living organism, even quite closely related ones with presumably similar rates of making physiological mistakes, senesce at markedly different rates. Why should one species of rodent have a lifespan of only one year, while others manage to hang on for ten, if it were simply wear and tear that made them drop dead? And how is the evolutionary biologist going to justify his suspicion that death is programmed into the genes — can he think of a reason why it

should be so, and can he devise a test to distinguish between his predictions and those of the carpet slipper hypothesis?

Both tasks have now been accomplished, the first more than 30 years ago while the second, the testing between rival ideas, has had to wait until the current decade. In 1952 Sir Peter Medawar proposed, and in 1957 George Williams elaborated, the basic genetical theory of senescence. They remarked on how, even in a population of potentially immortal organisms (ie, which show no effects of ageing, individuals will be whittled away by accidents, predation, and occasional starvation until none remain. In the absence of any senescence their fate will be statistically similar to that of a cohort of milk bottles or pound notes as they circulate around the populace.

Early in life

And in terms of the individual, whose fate, rather than that of the population, we must consider in order to evoke evolutionary explanation, the passing time will be marked by an ever decreasing chance of remaining alive.

What Medawar and Williams noticed was that, because of this inevitable mortality curve, any gene with a harmful effect that acts late in life is going to be selected out of the population much more slowly than one which exerts its effects early in life. Think of the way in which natural selection works: the living things we see in the world are those whose parents were the more (re)productive in the past —

thus, there will always be selection for maximising lifetime reproductive performance.

Imagine a gene which affects the organism by halving its family (brood, litter, seed set or what have you) size per reproductive cycle. If this gene acts when the organism is very young it will halve the lifetime reproductive output; but if it acts much later, towards the time when we should expect the carrier to be dead through accident anyway, then its effect on lifetime output will be negligible. The shorthand for this is simply to say that the magnitude of selection against a harmful gene becomes less as the genes expression becomes later.

It was Medawar's idea that the accumulation of these deleterious gene effects, at an increasing frequency through the life time of a living body, was the cause of senescence. But the ideas described so far still don't explain why these dangerous genetic elements become expressed at all — even if selection against them late in life is weak, they should be selected out of the population, however slowly.

The answer to this, both men supposed, was in the more complicated way that "real world" genetic elements acted. It seems usual that a single gene does not have a single effect. Instead, it exerts multiple ("pleiotropic") effects: rather than any one component in a car may have some effect upon its speed, handling, and comfort. Witness, for example, the fact that the fertilised human egg contains only 50,000 or so genes, which must somehow blueprint for the almost endless complexity of our adult

bodies, and marvel at the likely degree of pleiotropy.

What Williams proposed was that many of the genes that produce beneficial qualities in a young body might also produce deleterious qualities in the older body — but that selection would still favour such genes on average.

Because any early effect will be accumulated over the whole of a lifetime, but the harmful late effect will detract from only a small proportion of the total lifetime reproduction.

The theory is undoubtedly simple and elegant, and it makes several testable predictions. One of these, which may seem slightly ludicrous at first, is that animals which live longer are capable of living longer. What it means is that those species subjected to very intense mortality in their natural environment should never evolve the ability to live a long life — there will be little or no selection in these animals to push back the first appearances of deleterious genes and hence senescence. If, on the other hand, senescence were simply the result of an accumulation of biochemical mistakes, then it would be difficult to see why an intense mortality in the field should lead to a necessary short lifespan in captivity.

Williams' prediction is generally borne out — small insects, subject to high rates of "accidental" death in the wild, rarely live to a ripe old age, no matter how ergonomic their insectarium. More subtly, birds tend to show lower adult mortality rates than equivalently sized mammals (perhaps because they can fly from predators), and

also show increased longevity over their hairy cousins.

Among the birds, the species with the longest lifespans are not the huge ostriches and emus (about 20-30 years maximum), but those birds even freer of natural mortality, the predatory owls (up to 80 years).

Asexual clones

Other corroborative evidence was marshalled by Williams, in his original paper, but a more incisive test of the pleiotropy hypothesis has had to wait until this year. Graham Bell, of McGill University in Toronto, has been concerned with testing one of the most basic of Williams' predictions: it is that senescence is predicted not to evolve in any organism where parent and offspring cannot be distinguished at the time of reproduction.

This surprising state is achieved in some small, aquatic worms which reproduce by asexual binary fission, so that the products of a division (ie, parent and offspring) are virtually identical. The age-specific effects described above, and necessary for the evolution of senescence, cannot occur in such animals.

Bell has tested these asexual clones against a second set of animals in which parent and offspring can be distinguished at the time of birth, and in which senescence is therefore possible.

If the carpet slipper idea of senescence is correct then both groups should show ageing, but if Williams is correct then only the second group should senesce. Bell examined the laboratory mortality rates for each, and only

the second group showed the increase in death rate with age that is characteristic of senescence — Williams' prediction is upheld.

Even more impressively, the prediction that it is pleiotropic genes which control the onset of ageing has been tested, albeit in that testbed of laboratory biology, the *Drosophila* fruitfly. In 1983, Michael Rose and Brian Charlesworth, of the University of Sussex, performed an ingenious experiment. If the genes which cause harmful effects late in life also cause beneficial effects early in life, then removing those genes by selective breeding should increase reproductive output ("fitness") during old age, but decrease it during the fruitfly's youth.

Rose and Charlesworth carefully bred a population of flies, but used only eggs laid by old individuals (ie, those which had fewer late-acting harmful genes) — thus encouraging the evolution of vigorous and fecund geriatrics. But interestingly, and again true to Williams' predictions, this line of flies showed a very poor reproductive output during early life.

Growing old is an unfortunate consequence of our world being a risky place to live. If animals and plants never suffered "accidental" deaths then senescence would not have evolved, and we could all be immortal. As it is, the historical environment of the genus *Homo* must have rarely allowed him to live beyond 40 or 50 years of age, and hence there has been little pressure for evolution to push back the harmful effects of genes beyond that age.

Dr J. A. Horsfall is at the University of Oxford's department of zoology

Malcolm Smith on research that found the short answer to the pygmy puzzle

Where science dwarfs ethics

RESEARCH using growth hormones to increase the height of human dwarfs has finally solved the puzzle of the pygmies. Their small stature, once even thought to be due to malnutrition, is the result of a deficiency of one specific growth factor. The same deficiency also explains neatly why miniature and toy poodles are always smaller than their much larger, standard cousins. Only the standard poodle has normal growth factor levels.

Thomas Merimee, Jurgen Zapf and Rudolf Froesch studied 11 pygmies in three isolated villages in the Central African Republic, and 12 patients with growth hormone deficiency (so-called pituitary dwarfs) plus 31 people of normal stature at Boston University and the University of Florida. From all of their subjects the team took blood samples and measured serum concentrations of growth hormone and insulin-like growth factor (IGF).

Growth hormone produces many, perhaps all, of its effects by converting liver peptides (the components of at least two different IGFs, conventionally known as IGF1 and IGF2). Both are similar to insulin in structure and function but they are considerably weaker than insulin in their hypoglycaemic (ability to lower blood sugar) effects but many times more powerful in their anabolic (ability to build tissue) effects. IGF1, which is three times more active in promoting growth than IGF2, is totally dependent on growth hormone for its production. IGF2 is only partly dependent on it.

Pygmies have normal serum concentrations of growth hormone. IGF1 levels were within the normal range in ten out of the 11 pygmies studied. Levels of IGF2 solved the pygmy enigma. The IGF2 concentration was within the normal range for only one out of the 11 pygmies studied.

IGF1 is perhaps the main growth-promoting factor in humans, though in normal serum IGF1 accounts for over 70 per cent of the total IGF levels and has proved extremely potent in external tests of its growth-promoting ability.

Various theories have been advanced over the years to account for the small stature of pygmies. Living in the tropical rain forests of central Africa they grow to a maximum height of only 1.45 metres (4ft 9in). Their Bantu neighbours, with whom they mix but don't mate, are considerably taller. The pygmies are not only shorter, but more muscular with sway backs and short legs. They are sometimes regarded as a separate race from Negroes, but their

blood groups are similar. Now we know that their levels of growth hormone are not different either.

But pygmies and pituitary dwarfs, both of whom have similar physical characteristics, have low IGF1 levels; when injected with growth hormone the IGF1 level rises to normal in pituitary dwarfs but fails to respond in pygmies. Both exhibit enhanced hypoglycaemia (the lowering of blood sugars) after the administration of insulin, and both respond to treatment with growth hormone by increasing insulin secretion. Since the IGFs are very similar chemically to insulin, it had been thought that growth retardation in pygmies might have been due to an absence of receptors for the IGFs. We now know that this was wrong.

The first successful trial with growth hormone, on a boy with pituitary dwarfism, was carried out by Raben in 1958. He used an extract from the pituitary gland of African green monkeys whose kidneys were being used at the time to culture polio virus to produce the Salk vaccine.

Previous attempts to stimulate growth had relied on pituitary extracts from goats and pigs, both of which were ineffective in humans. Until recently supplies of pituitary extract were extremely limited (collected from human pituitaries after natural deaths), but their use was restricted to severe cases of dwarfism. The growth hormone is now available in larger quantities as a result of recombinant DNA technology, and controversial trials have begun for the first time to try and obtain stature improvements in short children not deficient in growth hormone nor in IGFs. These are usually children whose height is below the third percentile for their age, an incidence of about 1 in 5,000 children.

Early results suggest that it might increase the growth rates of some short-statured, normal children; those responding were usually younger and had a greater delay in bone age and a slower pre-treatment growth rate than the non-responders.

Such treatment raises important ethical and clinical issues. Little is known of the hormone's side effects, particularly its long-term effects in children who are otherwise normal. More sharply defined criteria are needed for selecting appropriate patients and dosages before indiscriminate treatment of otherwise normal children becomes more commonplace. This is another example of medical science leaping ahead before the ethics of treatment are sorted out.

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This is an opportunity to assist in developing the Museum's 'Praxis' minicomputer system. The main software package, 'Adlib', is used for cataloguing museum objects and library stock. Work will include setting up 'Adlib' for modifying database structures, input and output formats and data manipulation procedures.

Candidates should normally have a relevant degree. They must have experience of computer and/or information systems, including programming. Experience of the MARC library cataloguing format or of computer based documentation systems in museums or libraries advantageous.

SALARY: As Curator Grade E, £9365-£12,025. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by 28 January 1985) write to: Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants. RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 468551 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote ref: G(4)382.

An equal opportunity employer

If other people have solved a problem already, does that make it somehow easier for you? Rupert Sheldrake offers a test of morphic resonance

New tricks from the old dogs

CAN you spot the hidden image in this picture? If you saw it on a recent Tomorrow's World programme you will know the answer already, but if you did not, you should now have a higher chance of spotting it, just because eight million people have already seen it. Nevertheless, it is still difficult — until you have looked at the answer in the Microfuture page. Then it becomes obvious.

The picture was used in a recent international experiment to test the hypothesis of formative causation. More than 6,000 people took part in 12 countries. This hypothesis, described in detail in my book *A New Science of Life* (Paladin, £2.50) predicts that once something has been learned by many people, it should become easier for others to learn it by a process called morphic resonance. Thus, for example, it should be easier for an average child to learn to ride a bicycle today than it was 50 years ago; and other skills, such as computer programming, should also be picked up more readily because many people have already acquired them.

There is already evidence from laboratory experiments that when rats are trained to perform a new trick — in this case escaping from a water maze — other rats of the same breed in other parts of the world were on average able to learn it more easily. The hypothesis also applies to the forms plants take up as they grow from seed, and to the development of animal embryos. They take up their structure not only because of the genes they inherit from their parents, but also because they "tune in" to the forms of previous members of the species. In a similar way, the instinctive behaviour of animals — for example the ability of a young spider to spin its web without being taught, or of young cuckoos to migrate to Southern Africa independently of their parents (whom they have never met) — depends on their drawing on the experience of past members of the species by morphic resonance, which connects them up across both space and time.

Even the forms of crystals, according to this hypothesis,



Can you spot the hidden image? Answer in the facing page (Test by Morgan Sendall).

depend on influences from previous similar crystals. This may help to explain why new compounds, when first synthesised, are usually difficult to crystallise, but then crystallise more readily all over the world the more often they are made.

In the most general terms, this hypothesis enables the regularities of nature to be understood not so much in terms of changeless laws, as conventionally assumed, but rather in terms of habits. What happens depends on what has happened before, and on how often it has taken place.

Inevitably, this proposal is extremely controversial, and its value can only be determined by experiments specially designed to test its predictions. An American Foundation, the Tarrytown Group of New York, is offering a \$10,000 prize for the best test of this hypothesis to be completed before the beginning of 1986, and a variety of experiments are under way in Europe and America in the realms of chemistry, development, biology and psychology.

The idea of tests with hidden images was suggested to me by Dr Nick Humphrey, who pointed out that if many people have already spotted the image, there should be a statistical tendency for others to see it more easily. In 1983, I carried out an experiment of

33 per cent, with practically no change in the control. This result is statistically significant at the 2 per cent level, which means that there is a 98 per cent probability that this was a genuine effect, rather than due to chance. I am grateful to Dr Jeremy Cherfas for his help with the statistical analysis.

However, in North America, there was no significant change in the proportion recognising either picture.

According to the hypothesis, morphic resonance should not fall off with distance. But it does depend on similarity: the longer-term effects have pointed out that people in Britain and Western Europe may have been in a more similar state to each other because they are in a similar time zone, and there is only a one hour difference, which means that they are getting up and going to bed at roughly the same time as people in Britain. Europeans may have been "in phase" with the TV audience in Britain, but people in America, who are five to eight hours behind us.

Other explanations are of course possible, but before allowing speculation to run riot, it is important to establish whether or not this effect is repeatable.

Another experiment is now being planned for the second half of January in conjunction with North German television, using new puzzle pictures. One of them will be shown to six million people in Germany, and before and after the transmissions, tests will be conducted elsewhere in Europe, including Britain, and also in America.

The more people who are tested, the better. Anyone who would like to participate by testing 20 people or more is invited to do so. The test procedure is quite simple: 20 pictures showing puzzle pictures to people for 30 seconds each, and requires no previous experience. If you would like to take part, please write as soon as possible to: Susan Passberg, Gerbenus 12, D-7800 Freiburg, W. Germany. You will then receive the test pictures and the instructions. The results of the experiment should be known by March.

Apricots ripen

Chris Bidmead reports on a twist in the battle for the High Street

IN A SWIFT smart move that came as a surprise to many, ACT has announced a joint venture with the US company that will take the name Tandy off the shop fronts of its dedicated computer outlets. ACT already has its own computerWorld shops in Bristol and around 20 franchised outlets under the same badge across the UK. The new venture will put 70 shops throughout Europe at ACT's disposal, and give the company the muscle to recruit many more, all united under the new banner of TA ComputerWorld.

The Harvard Business School's classic advice "stay away from the competition" is particularly cogent when you are a small UK computer company and the competition is IBM. ACT took the advice to heart when as a result of the crumbling relationship with its US supplier, the company began producing its own design of microcomputer in 1982.

ACT's Apricot uses the same operating system as the IBM PC, but hardware differences mean that IBM software can only be run if it is offered in a special Apricot edition. This has certainly helped to give ACT an independent image.

Technically the Apricot is an advance on IBM's drab PC: faster, smaller (outwardly), higher, (inwardly), and cheaper. But technical superiority isn't everything, and the Harvard maxim has not proved fruitful for other manufacturers.

The Sirius, the American micro that established ACT as hardware distributors, was the first of the big non-compatibles to be frozen out. Last year Olivetti gave up its heavily advertised homebrew M20 and fell into line behind IBM with the compatible M20. Tandy's Sperry, Tandy and North Star are other manufacturers who began doing it their own way and have since seen the big blue light.

This leaves ACT in the big room, "uniquely placed". With only two short years of manufacturing experience behind them, their hard disk, portable, and dual floppy sales are doing well, running off the production line in Glenrothes at a rate of 5,000 a month. But selling the products has been less easy. Staying away from IBM has meant, in effect, staying away from the large corporate customers who will take delivery of 500 machines at the drop of a single cheque.

ACT's main outlet has been through retail shops. By fighting hard and opportunistic ally at this not always gentlemanly end of the business, the company has managed to carve itself a third of the UK microcomputer market. Business computers are good business for dealers/distributors, who can afford to run a proper support service and don't have to fight each other over prices. The high street tells a different story. Price was first, and then quality. Curry's five-year Micro-C retail venture in August of this year, and with franchise chains like Computerland, Microland, Entre and Inter-Access, all fighting for the large corporate customer, have left the small, independent retailers who rely on external retail chains vulnerable for catastrophic cancellations from the losers, and eventual price wars between the winners.

Hence the joint venture with Tandy. As well as the 70-odd computer-only shops which will be selling the ACT range, Tandy has agreed to launch date of TA ComputerWorld.

TA ComputerWorld's start-up cost of £2m is to split 50/50 between the two companies, but each will be putting in its current leases, fittings and stock at cost. As Tandy is anteing up 50 stores against ACT's 20, the deal buys the additional vital capital cheaply for the UK company.

The new alliance also brings much needed impetus to Tandy. Though a respectable third after IBM and Apple in the world microcomputer sales, Tandy's sales slipped a significant 5 per cent in the US last year, and their performance as retailers in the UK and Europe has been distinctly disappointing. Staff turnover is said to exceed even that of the notorious catering trade, and without a true IBM compatible (until the new Tandy 1000 arrives) the shops have been short of safe bait.

Certain essential details of the joint venture have been left flexible — so flexible that there seems to be room for conflicting views.

But Roger Foster, group managing director and leading light of ACT, is sanguine about the new relationship with Tandy, complementing them on the "ethical" and sensible negotiations, compared with some other pretty awful US manufacturers who shall be nameless — beginning with a V.

Any resemblance to Victor, the troubled US company who supported ACT with the original Sirius, and then failed to reach a manufacturing licence agreement with them, is presumably intentional.

THE FIRST microcomputer flight simulator was pretty crude. They didn't have graphics, you typed in things like "Climb 5 degrees," as though it was a text adventure game. They didn't try to emulate specific aircraft. Flight did not take place in real landscapes in real time. Now all these things are common.

With today's simulators you can fly anything from a Piper 181 Cherokee Archer to a McDonnell Douglas P-15 Eagle, and beyond that — courtesy of Activision or Microdeal — the Space Shuttle itself.

You can look out of the window (your television screen) and see Heathrow, Chicago or Seattle in three-dimensional detail. And if you try to accelerate from 0 to 800 in 2.5 seconds — often a life saver with early simulators — very likely the plane falls apart.

In the early days a screen read-out might offer:

Present velocity .800 ft/sec
Altitude.....213,958 ft
Distance from target.....19.75 ft
Est time of arrival.....2.5111 sec

Yes! Just enough time to type in "Climb 30", drop the airspeed to 350 ft/sec, open the bomb bay, take a look around and DROP.

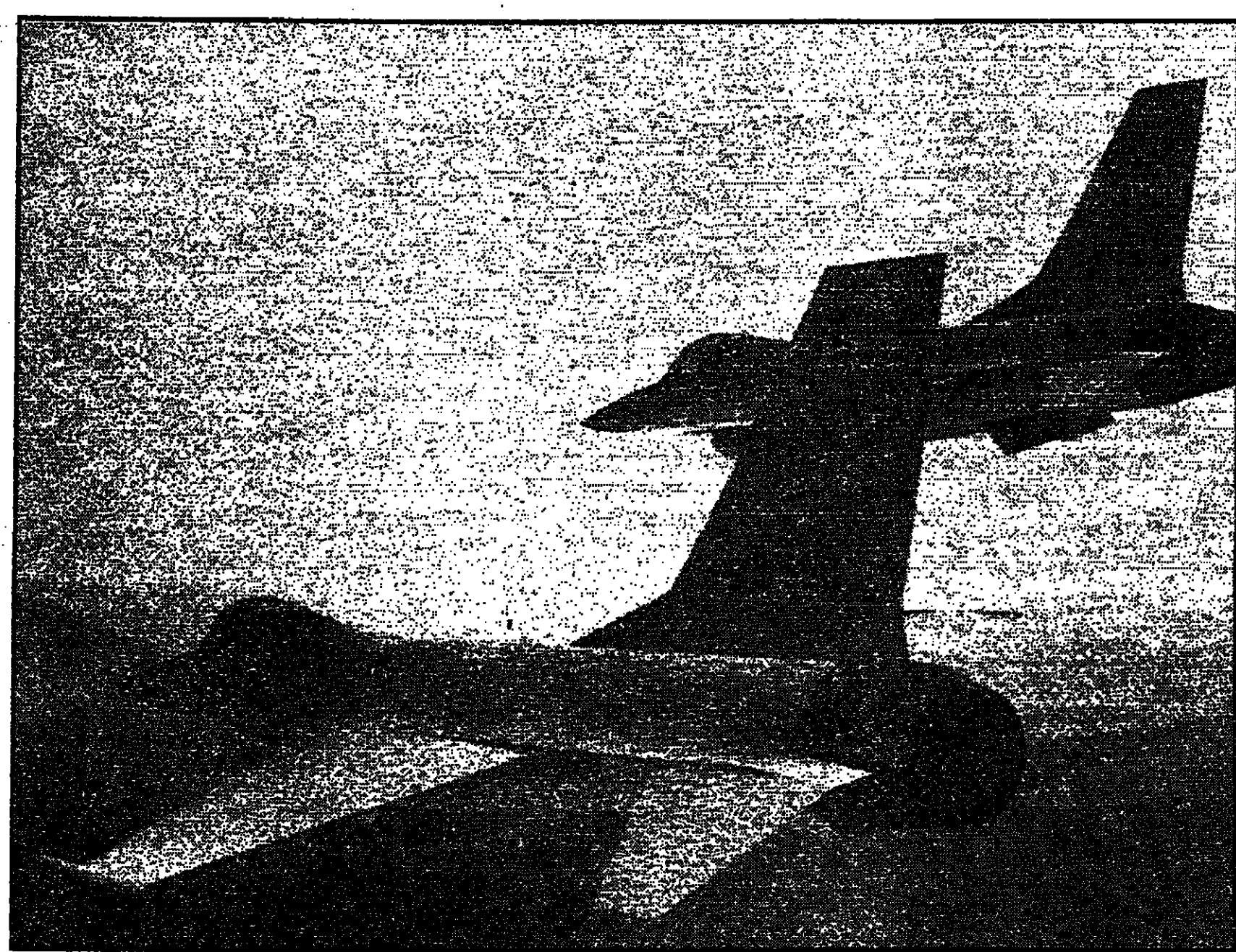
If you were really fussy you might get an ET in seconds, to about 14 decimal places. And if you got any graphics, it was like flying a letter box.

Nowadays the more aggressive simulators enable you to have dogfights with other planes, which actually move about. Instead of navigation by log tables, you can use "FOR and ADF plus a DME, and intercept ILS to land" (very high frequency omnidirectional range transmitter, automatic direction finder, distance measuring equipment, instrument landing system). It's a whole new world, and open to almost anyone with a small micro from a ZX-81 to an IBM PC. I've been flying a few.

The best Spectrum flight simulators include Flight Simulator from Psion, Nightlite II from Hewson, and Fighter Pilot, from Digital Integration. Psion's program involves flying a light aircraft, while Digital's provides a high-powered F-15 fighter. Both are excellent. Nightlite II, but Fighter Pilot has the added thrill of mid-air dog-fights.

Nightlite II simulates flying in the dark, which is a complication of drawing even the usual featureless landscape with straight-line horizon. However, it does offer better instrumentation and an exciting challenge to the way you fly. When (if) you find the airfield, you get a realistic three-dimensional view of runway lights.

For the airsieck, Hewson offers Heathrow ATC, an air traffic control simulation



The shape of visuals to come: two F-16 fighters from a CTS-A computer imagery system for flight simulation, reproduced from Creative Computer Graphics, by Annabel Jenkin and Rocky Morton, recently published by Cambridge University Press at £15.95

Reach for the sky

Want to learn to fly, but haven't the money, or the time, or the nerve? A microcomputer might offer just what you are looking for. Jack Schofield takes a quick flip round the flight simulation market

which also seems very realistic.

Both Hewson programs were written by Mike Male, who flies a Rallye Timpico light aircraft and just happens to be an air traffic controller at Heathrow.

The main flight simulator on the BBC Micro is now Acornsoft's Aviator, which simulates a Spitfire. It is quite realistic, though the addition of a radar screen to the instrument panel is something that would have been

appreciated even more in 1941 than it is today.

The highest resolution graphics are used which provides a sharp working instrument panel. However, this mode only provides two colours — black and white — so the graphics are not as attractive as some other simulators.

Aviator does have a good 32-page manual which covers the controls and the principles of flight. There's also a map showing the landmarks around the airstrip.

BBC owners, being thoughtful, intelligent types, are offered three air traffic control programs. These are Hewson's Heathrow ATC, the rival Gatwick, from HaMa, and Air Traffic Control from Microdeal.

An older but poorer Spitfire simulator is Spitfire Ace, from Microprose (US Gold) for the Atari and Commodore micros. It is less a flight simulator than a joystick-operated air-combat game. You do get a view out of the

cockpit window, with a gun-sight, and you get to chase and shoot down enemy planes. But the control panel is rudimentary, the scenery primitive, and the simulation wholly unrealistic.

For example, the cockpit view usually includes a sun or moon. Loop quickly and you can catch sight of it skidding across the landscape. However, in dog fights it does get you leaning from side to side in your chair, so it must have some species of merit.

Solo Flight — also from Microprose (US Gold) for the Atari and Commodore 64 — is reasonably complex. It offers a good control panel and a three-dimensional view with a few mountains on the horizon, plus numerous airfields sketched on the ground.

The odd thing is that you can see your own little plane through the cockpit window. The resulting loss of realism makes it more like flying a toy plane. There's nothing to shoot at, either.

Solo Flight offers three different areas to fly in — Kansas, Washington / Oregon and Colorado. You can also fly by instruments, if you can work out what's going on: there isn't a cockpit diagram in the 16-page handbook supplied.

But all these programs pale into insignificance against Bruce Artwick's Flight Simulator II, which is now the unchallenged leader among flight simulation programs on micros. It is available from SubLogic for everyone with an Apple, Atari or Commodore 64 with a disc drive and around £40 to £50 to spend.

Artwick, a pilot and former employee of Hughes Aircraft, started the program's development on an Apple II many years ago, and it is now most familiar in its Microsoft incarnation for the IBM PC. It offers an accurate simulation of flight in a Piper 181 Cherokee Archer. More than 40 controls and indicators are shown on screen, along with a colourful three-dimensional view out of the cockpit in the direction of your choice — front, back, either side and down. (Double buffered screen RAM.)

The instrument panel includes all the usual stuff plus two navigation radios, clock, magneto switch, position indicator, gauges for the right and left fuel tanks, mixture and throttle control indicators, altimeter, elevator and aileron controls, and indicators, and lots more. These help you to fly day or night, and in this simulation one does change logically into the other.

The flying area covers all of North America, which is mostly blank, with detailed landscapes on a separate disc for four separate areas: Chicago, New York, Seattle and Los Angeles. Other areas are now being coded using maps, charts and aerial photographs.

The simulation also provides a choice of four seasons, cloud layers, surface wind and wind at three levels with turbulence factor. All the nasty weather you could want, and more. About 40 parameters can be set in a special Editor mode. Naturally you can land to refuel or, if you want to make a long flight, save and load your position from disc.

All of this is explained in great detail in a 92-page manual. There is a second 92-page manual entitled Flight Physics and Aircraft Control, with an introduction to aerobatics. This ends with the warning: "Please do not attempt these maneuvers in actual flight with a real plane unless accompanied by a qualified flight instructor experienced in aerobatics." It is meant to be taken seriously. You really start to think that if you can fly this simulator you can fly anything.

Oh yes, it also has a World War I fighter-ace mode. Chocks away, chaps!

The last great maths mystery is unravelled

After 130 years, the Riemann Hypothesis is now proven. Keith Devlin considers the equation that computers had to rediscover 300 million times

ASK ANY professional mathematician what is the greatest unsolved problem in mathematics and you are virtually certain to be told: "The Riemann Hypothesis." First formulated in 1859 by the great German mathematician Bernhard Riemann, this has resisted attempts to prove (or disprove) it by many of the world's most distinguished mathematicians, and few present-day mathematicians expected to see it resolved within their lifetime. But now it seems that it has been solved. On November 8 of last year, the Paris-based Japanese mathematician H. Matsumoto announced that he had proved the hypothesis.

The story begins back in the eighteenth century with attempts by the German mathematician Leonhard Euler to establish what is now known as the Prime Number Theorem. A few moments with a paper and a pen, and its modern equivalent, several hundred pounds worth of microcomputer, are enough to convince you that, as you proceed up through the positive whole numbers 1, 2, 3, etc., the occurrence of prime numbers (numbers having no exact divisors other than themselves and 1) becomes less frequent. On a fairly local scale, there seems to be no obvious pattern to the way the primes thin out: you keep finding long stretches without any primes and then runs of several primes close together, in a seemingly haphazard fashion. But if you step back and take a more global view some kind of pattern does seem to emerge. It was probably Gauss who first noticed that if $P(n)$ is used to denote the number of primes less than n , then the larger n becomes, the closer the "density" function $P(n)/n$ gets to the value of $1/\ln(n)$.

This remarkable observation, based solely on numerical evidence in the first instance, indicates that there is a hidden connection between the prime numbers, positive, whole numbers, and the logarithmic function, which has to do with infinitely small subdivisions between numbers. To understand the behaviour of the

prime numbers it appears you have to look at numbers closely tied up with the infinite. The first rigorous mathematical proof of Gauss's observation (The Prime Number Theorem) was provided by Hadamard and de la Vallée Poussin in 1896. Neither their proofs nor any of the subsequent ones are accessible to any but the specialist in Number Theory.

To return to Euler now, some time after 1750 he introduced into the picture the "zeta function," which is defined for real numbers s greater than 1 as the sum of the infinite addition $Zeta(s) = 1 + 1/2^s + 1/3^s + \dots$

Euler showed that this strange looking function is closely connected with the prime numbers and thus provides a definite link between the primes and the infinite. In a paper written in 1859 (in German) entitled On the Number Of Primes Less Than A Given Magnitude (see The Collected Works Of Bernhard Riemann, Dover Publications), Riemann took matters a stage further regarding the Zeta function, by extending it from the real numbers greater than 1 to be defined on bars involving the square root of minus one). To the man in the street, the very idea that something as concrete as the prime numbers can be connected with square roots of negative quantities may well seem incredible, but Riemann's move proved decisive, and present day mathematicians are well aware of the intimate connection between all kinds of numbers — "concrete" or "imaginary". The Zeta function is nowadays known as the Riemann Zeta Function. Entire books have been written about this one function. (For example, Riemann's Zeta Function by H. M. Edwards, Academic Press, 1974.)

The Zeta function is connected with the prime numbers in many ways. One connection involves the solutions to the equation $Zeta(s) = 0$.

Riemann observed that all the solutions he calculated had the same form, namely they were all complex numbers obtained by adding exactly $1/2$ to the square root of a negative number. He put forward the hypothesis that all solutions would have this form: this is the Riemann Hypothesis.

When it proved impossible to prove that the hypothesis was true, mathematicians took to calculating solutions to the Riemann equation in the hope that they might find one not of the stated form, and thereby disprove the conjecture. Gram calculated the first 15, and more were found

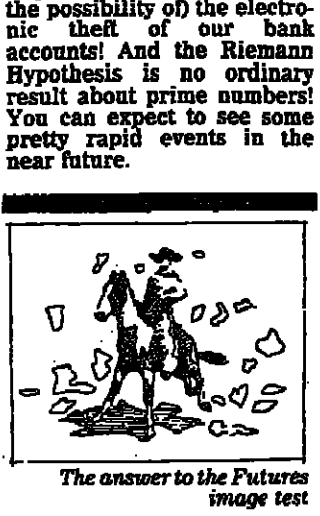
by Backlund and then Hutchinson, until Titchmarsh and Comrie brought the total to 1,041 solutions in 1936. All were of the form predicted by Riemann.

Then came the computer. Before even the first computer had been built, the great British computer pioneer Alan Turing had developed methods for dealing with the problem suitable for running on one, and by Lehmer's work in 1958, 250,000 solutions had been found. The most recent computations, in 1982 by Van de Lune and Te Riele, took the total number of calculated solutions to 300 million and one. Again, all have the form predicted by Riemann.

Overwhelming evidence you might think! Unfortunately, there are infinitely many solutions to the Riemann equation, and it can be argued that if the equation were to have a solution of a different kind such a solution would perforce be beyond the range of any conceivable computer. And a conjecture very closely connected with the Riemann Hypothesis, called the Mertens Conjecture, was proved false early in 1983 despite having been computer verified for 10 billion cases.

But Matsumoto's result shows that in the case of the Riemann Hypothesis the computer evidence was not at variance with the fact. The approach adopted by Matsumoto follows suggestions made by Andre Weil some 20 years ago involving the application of methods of modern functional analysis to structures known as Adele groups. Though it is unlikely that the majority of mathematicians will be able to follow the proof without a great deal of effort, many of them will be affected by the result in one way or another. It is also likely to have an effect on society at large. Modern developments in Cryptography have meant that results about prime numbers might well result in (at least) the possibility of the electronic theft of our bank accounts! And the Riemann Hypothesis is no ordinary result about prime numbers! You can expect to see some pretty rapid events in the near future.

The answer to the Futures image test



university college of swansea Programmer

Applications are invited for the vacancy of Programmer at the University College of Swansea, in association with the Computer Centre, who will be responsible for the installation, maintenance and development of graphics software, and will also assist systems programming staff in development work. The Centre operates an ICL 2966 and a PRIME 750 and makes extensive use of a CDC 7600 and Cyber 205 at UMPC. The salary will be on the scale £5,600 to £12,150 per annum, together with USS/USDP8 benefits. The commencing salary will depend upon age and experience. Applicants should be graduates, with preference given to those with experience in computer graphics. Further particulars and application forms (2 copies) may be obtained from the Personnel Office, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, Swansea SA2 8PP, to which office they should be returned by Monday 21 January, 1985.

Micro-Programmer/Analyst

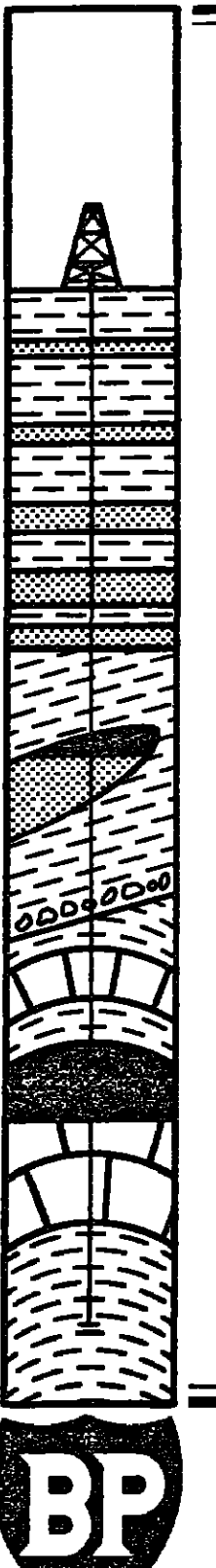
Salary: £A.650-£3,650 dependent on experience and qualifications. The successful applicant will have at least one year's programming experience, preferably using BASIC on microcomputers. Duties will include developing and modifying software, implementing and testing software, providing an advisory service to staff and students, support in administering a UNIX system. Knowledge of C and/or FORTRAN would be an advantage. Application form and further details from: The Personnel Office, Humberstone College of Higher Education, Cottingham Road, Hull HU6 7RT. Tel: (0482) 446505. Closing date: 14th January, 1985.

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Odessa pile of woe

Hugh Hebert on hard times in the spy trade and trouble at t'mill

ONE OF the many reasons for not becoming a spy — unless, of course, you really can't get on a job creation scheme — is that you do have to rely on a horrendous ragbag of fellow conspirators. I mean, apart from them there are the simple incompetents.

Look at poor old Greville Wynne, the London business man who doubled as a British agent on his export trips to Russia in the late Fifties and early Sixties. Told to fall up in Odessa, on to a carefully placed pile of soft sand, kick up real old shindig to divert attention while a valued Russian defector slips past astonished guards into the arms of Western de-

mocracy. Chaps do it all the time — off top diving board into wet flames, you know the sort of thing. Not to know some silly burgher covered the sand, were we?

If Wynne had done it for the Russians, of course, he would have been promoted colonel and got the Order of the Red Eagle, third class. All he got from his British case officer when next in London was lunch and the curt instruction: "Expand your Moscow contacts — after you're off your crutches, of course."

Eventually Wynne was contacted by Oleg Penkovsky, a high-ranking Soviet intelligence officer, who came over on a trade delegation to Britain arranged by the business-man-spy. Penkovsky had already tried to interest the Americans, and been re-

buffed. Now, if we are to believe part one of Wynne and Penkovsky (BBC-1) — and the other reason for not mixing with spooks is that you can't believe a word they say — the Russian told us all about Khrushchev's plans to put missiles in Cuba and a wall through the middle of Berlin.

David Calder plays Wynne with the sort of sang froid you expect of a chap who throws himself off ships to give some defector a push and pensioned existence somewhere in the Home Counties. As Penkovsky, though, Christopher Royceki goes ground in the sort of stew that gets you arrested on sight by anyone with a KGB warrant card and an ounce of sense. The plot thickens tonight and gets

positively sticky tomorrow. Sceptics say there are only six basic plots in the whole of literature, though I couldn't spot one of them in the Wynne story. Possibly because most of the six were busy on the other channel in *Woman of Substance* (C4). Apart from *Dynasty*, *Upstairs Downstairs* and *Wuthering Heights*, it had a hint of *Women in Love*, a soupçon of *The Forsyte Saga*, and I'd guess someone had rubbed the dish with a clove of fresh cut Hobson's Choice. And that's just in the first two hours.

We started with Deborah Kerr as Emma Harle, who appears to own Harrods, a rolls, vast wealth, and the kind of family no Borgia would dine with. Before we are properly into the plot to take over her empire, we

skip back 50 years to her time as a poor lass in service to the Squirearchal Fairleys in her native Yorkshire.

You know the sort of thing. Mamma Fairley is alcoholic, Poppa a philanderer who once had Emma's mother, Master Gerald is a tyrant at 'mill, and Master Edwin is the nice one who gets Emma pregnant in a cave — you heard — and dumps her at the end of part one. Of the series, that is. I'd really rather not know what happens by the end of part three on Friday, though you may feel you need to, for the next PTA.

There are a few compensations, like Jenny Seagrove who plays the young Emma and is best known for her webbed feet in Bill Forsyth's

film *Local Hero*. In this one, unfortunately, we don't get to see her feet. I'm not sure she can act — though Deborah Kerr's performance makes everybody else look like an Oscar winner. But then no one is really required to act in this woful of stir fry rubbish.

Except perhaps Mags Jenkinson as the Fairleys' faithful cook who manages to say things like "Sermons and gentry don't mix. You're stepping out of your class, my girl" without either breaking down or breaking up. She also says, "Ooh! My favourites, 'imboogs," though it turns out she was referring not to the family but to her favourite sweets, supplied by an Irish odd job man who is plainly loitering with intent. Gerald's snarling

lines — "The men aren't paid to be happy, they're paid to work" — are played to the sound of dozens of busy looms which don't, alas, quite drown them altogether.

You were better off watching *Enn Reitel's* gentle, silent joke series *The Optimist* (C4) or *Alan Plater's* *On Your Way, Riley!* (also C4), with Brian Murphy and Maureen Lipman playing splendidly. Old Mother Riley and Kitty, fighting it out to the death once the curtain came down on their act.

A *Woman of Substance* might be bearable. If you could see it as a failed spoof. But if that's what it is, someone has failed to see the joke. It could be me. But I suspect it's the person who signs the cheques.

AT THE very end of 1984, a year marked down for celebration by the architectural profession by reason of the 150th anniversary of its own professional institute, but destined instead to go down in history as the year of the Prince of Wales's speech and the kamikaze demand for the resignation of Patrick Jenkin that followed it, a modest report was published by the Lord Chancellor's office proposing revisions to the law governing responsibility for latent defects in buildings.

The report, from a committee chaired by Lord Scarman, proposed that a "long stop" of 15 years be placed on any action brought by a building owner against an architect for defective professional advice.

It is a fine commentary on the state of mind with which architects confront the last 15 years of the 20th century that this proposition is intended to replace a liability for building defects that can now reach beyond the grave — should have been met, not with a cry of rage and despair.

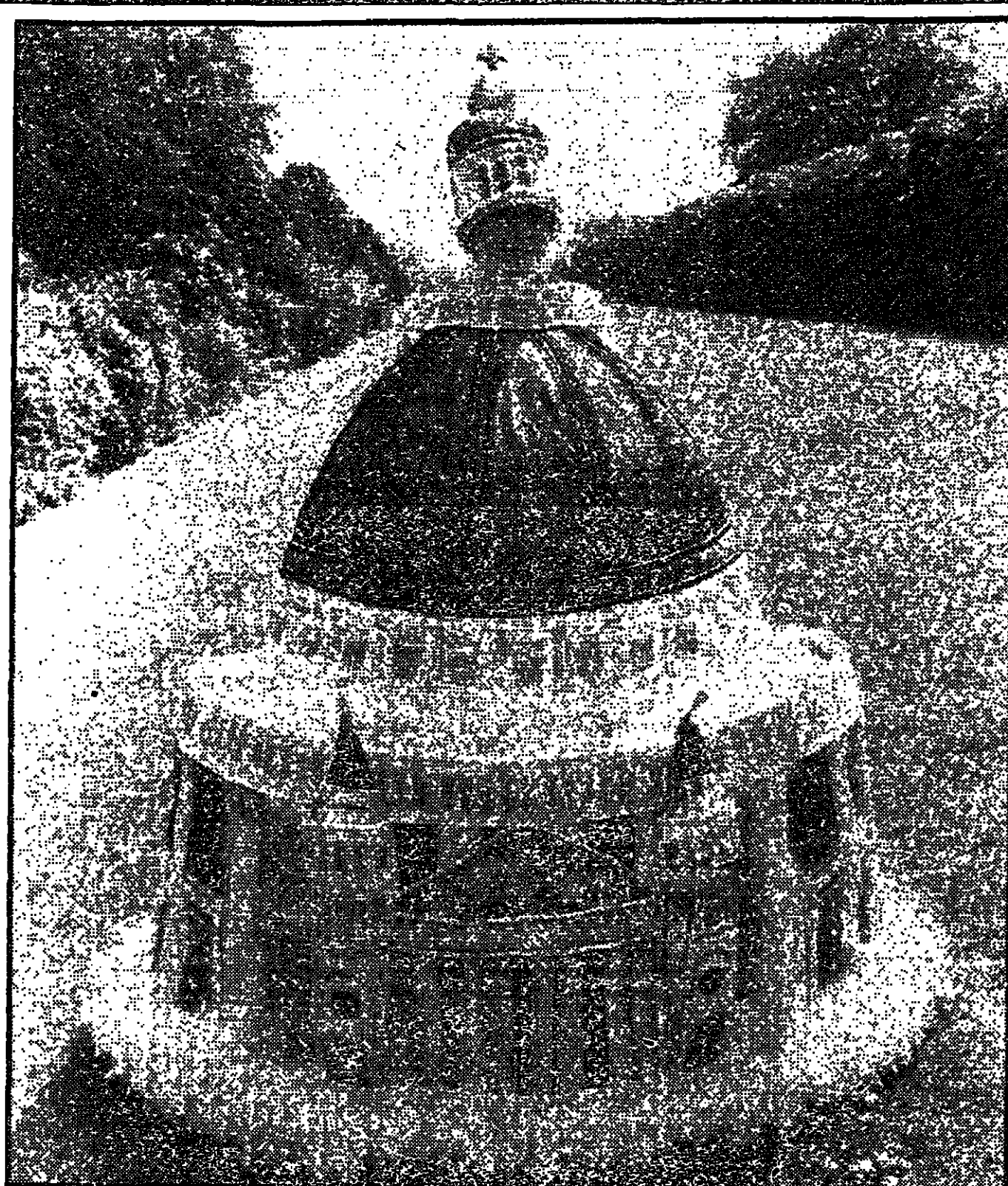
The last thing architects want today is a 15-year clock ticking away from the "date of discoverability" of a defect in any building they have designed. With a massive £10 billion repair bill already confronted, authorities for post-war council housing — and probably another £3 billion in defects claims to follow the famous property boom of the 1960s — architects see themselves being dragged into bankruptcy by the legal responsibilities they shouldered as "leaders of the building team" in the years before the recession.

In practice, as well as in design inspiration, architects are facing 1985 with their eyes glued to the rear-view mirror — as far removed from arrogant indifference to the wishes of society as it is possible to get.

The reasons for the new style low-profile architect are not difficult to find. First and foremost there is the simple problem of finding work in an economy blessed with a million empty buildings and a public sector robbed of all spending power. Twenty years ago, at the height of the post-war building boom, half the registered architects in the country worked for local authorities, and the other half got most of their commissions from the same source. The shakeout of the last decade has cut the percentage of the profession employed by town halls to less than a third and changed their staple diet from giant housing estates to a thin gruel of repairs and maintenance.

The disappearance of work is paralleled by an increase in numbers by the Royal Institute of British Architects actually welcomed Government proposals to cut architectural education, and endorsed a plan to reduce the number of graduates by a third. By 1990 there will be more than 30,000 architects in more than 6,000 practices scavenging for about half as much work as half as many architects routinely accomplished a generation ago.

Worse still, some of them will be equipped with a computer-aided design and man-



Sandra Dugdale helped celebrate the RIBA's birthday: what will 1985 bring?

Too many architects are chasing too little work and the outlook is grim. Martin Pawley reports on an endangered species

The dying breed

agement capability that will make them at least twice as productive as their teesquare-and-indian-ink equipped colleagues. Either the highly capitalised computer architects will get most of the work or the primitives will have to work for half as much. And in a profession whose median income is already well below that of doctors, accountants, dentists and even moderately successful company executives, neither of these prospects is very inviting.

In Darwinian terms, reduced work, increasing numbers and the emergence of a super-species roasts the sur-

vival of the architect of 1985 seem very precarious.

But there is more and worse, for the very conditions that threaten architects from within are matched by an increasingly hostile environment. Tee-square man not only has to contend with his own reproduction rate and enhanced hunting skill, but the growing danger that marauding tribes of surveyors and builders, fighting with technical skills looted from the architect's plan chest, will annex whole areas of the economy once reserved for him alone.

The professional code changes forced upon archi-

fects by the Government a couple of years ago to make them give up their mandatory fee scale and compete with one another in the construction market place also enabled them to hold directorships in their own construction or development companies. The net result has been a dilution of the traditional architectural task and a blurring of the distinction between the roles of all the construction professionals — who are now just as likely to work for one another, or for a builder, as to remain in their traditional piecemeals.

Not only is the architect a

threatened species from within and without, but even the idea that one group of persons should do the things that architects used to do is being reconsidered. Perhaps, as you hear at those international conferences the answer is a kind of general-purpose construction professional who does everything from buy the land to specify the door handles if the price is right.

Could there be anything else over the horizon in 1985? Well, yes there is. A whole untouched area to do with the growth of the regulatory bureaucracy which lays down low buildings are

able watercolours in the show are the very early ones dealing with Turner's much-loved childhood haunts around the family home of Shipton-on-Cherwell, a couple of miles from Woodstock. Born into the landed gentry, Turner was passionately attached to the rolling Oxfordshire landscape, beloved scenes that were under threat, as Turner saw it, from the Enclosures Act.

Almost everything he painted celebrated an enticing, rose-tinted, anachronistic harmony between landscape and inhabitant. In watercolour after watercolour a peaceful, solitary gazer in the foreground contemplates a vista of rich serenity and plenty. The sheaves of corn in Turner's harvests are enormous, and not a trace of industry is to be seen anywhere.

Two paintings — *Scene Near Woodstock*, and *Whichwood Forest*, both from 1809 — show Turner at his most emotionally charged. In the former, the churned ground, the scudding clouds, the narrowing hand of light on the horizon, a funnel of wheeling birds and a venerable lone rider are all powerfully expressed — well beyond the bounds of the topographical watercolour tradition.

In the even more striking *Whichwood Forest*, a querulously writhing tree-trunk and a whinnying horse in the murk of the wood create a menacing effect that is cleverly relieved by a Cotmanish area of purely painted open

to be designed and which polices the construction process to make sure that they conform to the regulations and the drawings that were approved. Architects train for seven years to earn the right to use their ancient name, but from this year under new regulations they will have no right to "certify" their own work — unless it happens to be an extension to a building of not more than three storeys with a total floor area of less than 30 square metres. Anything bigger has to be approved by a local authority inspector or a private building control officer, a kind of the £500,000 indemnity insurance riding on his decisions.

The most pathetic counterpart to the profession's rage at the 15-year latent defect law reform proposal is to be found in its grateful response to the three-storey, metre concession — humbly, more than half the jobs done by persons calling themselves architects fall into this category.

With such a Paschendale of obstacles before them, the architects of 1985 might be excused if they cried out that they had no future at all. For this list does not even include the farcical disaster of the competition system — as evidenced by the saga of the National Gallery extension — or the determined opposition of conservationists who believe that new buildings are unnecessary; or the pilfering of the very word "architecture" by the computer industry; or the mummified creative uncertainty of most of the very small number of architects who do actually have challenging commissions to undertake.

Against this sea of troubles the architects of 1985 have only one really powerful ally, and that is the immense benefit of 3,000 years of tradition that has left the public mind convinced that designing buildings is something culturally different from styling cars or inventing a flavour of the month.

This belief is an anachronism, a hangover from pre-industrial times when the creation of a great edifice was the apogee of human creativity and enterprise. But right or wrong it is fixed in the public mind as a privilege to be a *deviser des bastiments*, and there is no such thing as a privilege too great for any class of citizens to possess. After all, in its own way, the strength of the public hostility to architects over the last decade has also been a confirmation of their ultimate significance. If they are hated now, then the depth of the hatred and the thousand pinpricks it has thrown up must be measured against the eternal approbation that greets them when they succeed.

The architects of 1985 are a currency inflated out of all value, or a corps of generals held up to public execration for losing a war. But their pitiful scrambling for work, their obsession with legal vulnerability, their manacled subjugation to the rules of a bureaucracy, their slavish planners and building control officers, and the incompetence within their own ranks — all these are only the trials of a true religion in a dark age when all that can be done is to endure.

William Turner of Oxford, at Bolton Museum and Art Gallery, until January 19.

SUDBURY

Ray Rushton

Suddaby/

Newcomb

DRAMA of the Thirties echoes strongly in this show, not surprisingly for they were the years when the young Rowland Suddaby was standing successfully on his own two feet, propped up only by the Post-Impressionists and bending the bravura strokes of a rising expressionism to white-hot reactions to landscape, forest still lifes and, most romantically, ballet dancers.

It was a style which Suddaby followed with all the precariousness of a cycle caught in trammels and with varying vigour, until his death in 1972. The war, however, left him washed up on the shore of discarded styles.

Edward Greenfield on two rivals' progress in committing all of Wagner to record

Maestro race

THE RIVALRY between Herbert von Karajan and Sir George Solti in recording Wagner has been enriching the catalogue over a quarter of a century. With the arrival of a resplendent version of *Der fliegende Holländer* from Karajan (they are both equally poised to complete all ten of the regular repertory operas. With Solti already scheduled to round off his series with *Lohegrin*, I strongly suspect that Karajan will very soon tackle *Tannhäuser*).

The pity for Karajan is that his disc has been divided between DG and HMV, where Solti has been loyal to Decca. The sorrow for Solti is that his 1976 recording of *Holländer* suffered seriously from inconsistency. Recorded live in concert performances with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, it completely lacked the traditional Decca qualities of providing stage illusion.

That is the first point on which the new Karajan recording (HMV EX 27 0013 3, three discs) scores heavily. The studio recording, with its extreme range of dynamics, may be larger than life but that matches the Karajan approach, which convincingly relates this early work not so much to such minimal operas as Weber's *Der Freischütz* but rather to later Wagner, and above all to Tristan.

Karajan has made an excellent choice in José van Dam as his Dutchman — thoughtful, finely detailed and lyrical, strong but not all blustering. The Dutchman's Act 1 monologue is turned into a prayer as well as a protest in its extra range of expression. Van Dam is superbly matched and contrasted with the best Daland I have heard on record, Kurt Moll, gloriously biting and dark in tone yet detailed in characterisation.

Neither the Erick of Peter Hofmann nor the Senta of Dunja Vejzovic matches their standards — Hofmann has his strained and gritty moments, and Vejzovic her shrill ones. The Dutchman's Act 1 monologue is far better cast in Karajan's supreme Parsifal recording, with Hofmann as the hero, and Vejzovic as Kundry. Nonetheless, for all her variability, Vejzovic is wonderfully intense in the Ballad and equals even van Dam's fine legato in the Act 2 duet.

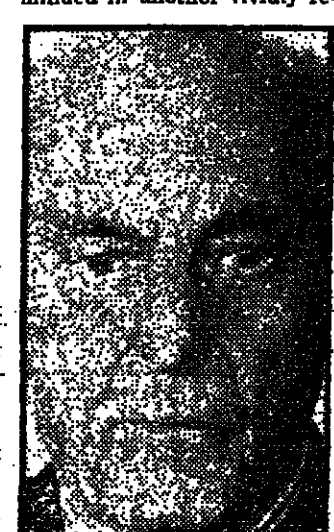
In any case this is a stronger and more consistent cast than that gathered for Solti in Chicago. The strength of casting in Solti's greatest Wagner achievement, on record, his historic Ring cycle recording, comes out afresh in the superb, compact disc transfer of Siegfried (Decca 414 110 2, four CDs). This is the second of an updated, and is even more impressively vivid than Rheingold, with fewer stage thuds and tape joins.

There is no Siegfried today to match Wolfgang Windgassen, nor much prospect of one, yet ironically it was only after an abortive

attempt to record a young, inexperienced Siegfried, that Windgassen was brought in. Birgit Nilsson as Brunnhilde, Hans Hotter as the Wanderer, Gerhard Stolze as Mimi, Gustav Neidlinger as Alberich, and Kurt Böhm as Fafner (wonderfully sepiol in his dragon's echo chamber) have hardly been matched since, and the play of having Joan Sutherland as the Woodbird is a delight.

On compact disc the precise sonic perspectives created in John Culshaw's meticulous production make one forget that this is a 1962 recording, and the background silence of CD is specially important in the hushed, dark textures of this highly contrasted score.

When he recorded Siegfried, Solti may have been fiercer than he has since come, but I still find the tension of live performance riveting and more convincing than in Karajan's smoother, less climactic reading. The contrast with Karl Elmhorst is fascinating. Despite his reputation he tended to go for fast, urgent speeds in Wagner, as I have been reminded in another vividly re-



Solti: Ring master

alistic transfer to CD, the recording of Die Walküre he made live in Bayreuth in 1967 (Philips 412 478-2, four CDs).

The brightness of sound may not accurately convey an illusion of the Bayreuth Festspielhaus, but the balance in favour of voices is apt and the sense of presence amazing, making one tolerant of blemishes. The cast is good but not ideal. Nilsson again as Brunnhilde, James King as Siegmund, Leonie Rysanek as Siegmünde, Gerd Nentert as Hunding, and Theo Adam a gritty Wotan.

The opulent and dark tones of the American bass-baritone, Simon Estes, this year's Dutchman at Bayreuth, are superbly caught in an impressive Wagner recital (Philips 412 271-1) of four substantial items. Estes may not match van Dam for range of expression in the Dutchman's monologue, but the resonance is formidable, particularly in Wotan's Act 2 Narration, the Act 3 Farewell and Amfortas's Lament.

attractive mixture with Mozart's Divertimento in E. K.138, Stravinsky's Concerto for Strings, Barber's Adagio, and Britten's Frank Bridge Variations.

Emma Kirkby/Purcell Quartet (Wigmore Hall, Sunday, 7.30 pm). Emma Kirkby, the most distinctive of sopranos specialising in early music, is the soloist in cantatas by Vivaldi and Rameau. Instrumental Vivaldi is also the programme as well as Rebel's Tombeau de Monsieur de Lully, paying tribute to his teacher.

Alexander Baillie/Piers Lane (Elizabeth Hall, Monday, 7.45 pm). Baillie, who made a striking impression in a new cello concerto at last summer's Proms, tackles Prokofiev's *Sonata Opus 119*, Takemitsu's *Orion*, Schubert's *Arpeggio*, and the cello arrangement of Franck's Violin Sonata.

Music and Machines (Barbican, Tuesday, 8.15 pm). The BBC's adventurous scheme to present a wide-ranging programme of music from the 1980s begins with Peter Eotvos conducting the BBC Symphony Orchestra in two 1987 versions of *Mixtur*. Stockhausen himself provides sound projection for a performance of *Klavierstück 2* by Bernhard Wempe, and at 8.30 pm gives an introductory talk.

Edward Greenfield

John Fordham's jazz records review will appear tomorrow.

BARBICAN

Edward Greenfield

LSO/

Georgiadis

THE CHAMPAGNE fizz of Johann Strauss played by the Vienna Philharmonic has become an essential ingredient of New Year celebrations, not just in Vienna but throughout the world. It may be fair game for the London Symphony Orchestra to invite audiences to its own home at the Barbican to share in similar celebrations, but it is hardly the same thing.

John Georgiadis, one of the most distinguished and positive leaders the orchestra has ever had, covering a period when the LSO was riding very high, made a critical choice of conductor. Since leaving the orchestra Georgiadis has made a speciality of presenting Viennese music authentically, but generally with a much smaller, cosier group than a full symphony orchestra.

He has an engaging way of addressing the audience, even getting kissing noises, from ex. left against right, for Carl Zeller's *Bussert Polka-Mazurka*, but I had a feeling he would have been happier in a more intimate setting. There, prominent on

stage behind the orchestra, was a life-size figurine of the younger Johann Strauss himself, and it was a pity that conditions at the Barbican did not allow Georgiadis to imitate more often the original maestro's sinuous stance, violin in hand.

Georgiadis and the players did indeed seem a degree more fizzing when, every now and then, he dropped his baton and took up his own violin. But his body language lacked the Viennese slink, just as the dance rhythms, for all the refinement of the playing in tone and ensemble, lacked a Viennese lilt. Maybe I was unlucky in hearing the programme at the second of the two concerts, not quite on the morning after the night before, when 1985 has already been going for 20 hours.

WIGMORE HALL

Hugo Cole

King's

Consort

SCHUTZ's music will never again sound as startling as it sounded to 17th-century contemporaries, when he first introduced a little Italianate light and sunshine into Germany; but he remains far more than the herald of greater things to come.

His Christmas Story, compact, varied, engagingly scored, with lively interludes to balance the sedate recitative narrative, retains much of its original freshness and charm. Anticipations of Bach and Handel cannot be missed but their world is remote enough from his for the music not to suffer from comparisons.

Straightforward and unaffected performance is what the work needs, and it got it from the King's Consort. Roger Covey-Crump approached the Evangelist's part quietly and unobtrusively, the word-music barely heightened by music, which drew attention to itself mainly in those deliberate and explicable cadences which suggest pauses for thought and breath.

The rare touches of dramatic colour — as when Rachel weeps for her children over a chromatic bass — are doubly effective because of their rarity. Only the organ continues too weightily for this singer in lower regions, but doubt authentically plain, bland, and legato, tended to take the colour out of words.

Lively aria-recitatives for the Angel with two solo violins were sung clearly and with easy flexibility in florid passages by Tessa Bonner — a nice performance except for some doubtful top notes.

Wise men, priests, scribes, and Herod himself each are introduced with their own characteristic ensemble of instruments, while sharing the same lively tempo and musical manner. Recorders (of

course) for the shepherds, well in tune. The voices of the small choir were too individual for good blend, but the quicker, almost Handelian numbers came over well, sung with vigour and brilliance. Robert King directed this well-prepared and coherent performance.

Monteverdi's Christmas Vespers of 1640 came off less well. The music should spring from the words, which in this case seem to be merely strung on the melodic lines, a uniformly light and bright manner did less than justice to the music, with its many emotional inflections, while soloists seemed to take things a little too easily.

BOLTON

Irene McManus

Turner

of Oxford

WILLIAM Turner of Oxford was a junior member of the brilliant generation of English watercolourists that produced John Sell Cotman, David Cox, and Peter de Wint. He was known as Turner of Oxford so as to distinguish him from the great J. M. W. Turner, but in any case — of Oxford — just about says it all.

Among the most remark-



The real Fassbinder, left, and Eva Mattes, right, as she plays him in the film

Derek Malcolm reviews A Man Like Eva, about the life of Rainer Werner Fassbinder

The hair apparent

THERE WERE two sorts of people Rainer Werner Fassbinder treated with One lot were the insiders, whom he could often use very shabbily indeed. The other were those who only knew him from a distance, towards whom he frequently directed his gentle face.

This, says Radu Gabrea's A Man Like Eva (Screen on the 11th, 10), was because he thought he was unworthy of devotion, and thus rejected those who gave him it as probably gullible fools.

Much has already been written and conjectured about the infant terrible of the New German Cinema; possibly too much in his short and pathologically active life he achieved both fame and notoriety, a feat many others strive for without success.

This film tries to explain it. But since he only lived properly through his art — the rest of his life being hardly worth the agonising — any film starts at a disadvantage. It can only reflect how his work and his life were one, the kind of banality Fassbinder himself would never concede except as a joke.

Fortunately A Man Like Eva is not merely about him, as the title suggests. Eva is Eva Mattes, one of Germany's best actresses. And she plays a man like him.

True, she looks incredibly like Fassbinder with her false beard, her leather jacket, and the kind of hat he always used to wear. So much so, in fact, that the woman's voice comes at first as a acute surprise. This is the reason the film is so good, and so honest, and so much more than a pastiche of his early features that marked him out from the herd.

But the image is only an approximation. The film is as much about the risks you take with yourself, whoever you are, when attempting to accomplish anything against the current trend. It isn't wholly successful because Gabrea's disjointed, pointillist approach, while paying some remarkable dividends, is not structured satisfactorily.

What one can say about the film is that it does not gratuitously exploit his memory, and in Mattes has a superb central performer. She plays a man, with a lot of the woman in him, who could be any creative force driving himself to the end of his tether because that is the only way he can maintain maximum energy and inspiration.

The characters around him, played by Lisa Kreuzer, Charles Regnier and Werner Stocker among others, are amalgams of Fassbinder's friends, those he used and often exploited on his way to the top. The film shows how much people fed on him too, and also became hideously dependent.

Besides choosing a woman dressed as a man for the role of wayward genius, one of the tricks the film employs to defuse the personal nature of the exercise is to use melodrama as Fassbinder did, as a larger-than-life aspect of more general truths. But this works only intermittently. Gabrea is not a stylist like Fassbinder, and it shows.

Intrinsically, though, the film is no more dangerous than Fassbinder's own, existing on a knife edge between illuminating argument and bathos. It is honest enough according to its own lights, and does say something about both Fassbinder and those like him, wounding in order not to be wounded.

rejecting affection because they distrust their own reaction to it and driving themselves on to break down every barrier put in their way.

For this reason the film is moving and intriguing. Ultimately, however, it is fatally flawed. Despite its — or our best intentions, we watch it as gossip about a legend rather than as something which explores the nature of filmmaking and possibly of films themselves.

Tim Pullen adds: Made for the minuscule sum of \$8,000 in only five days, Jon Jost's Slow Moves (ICA Cinematheque) is cheap but not exactly cheerful. The film is a variation on the hallowed scenario of the doomed couple on the run but, in common with the earlier work of its director (who is his own cinematographer and editor) it sets out to de-dramatise the situation, refusing not only psychological explanation but any kind of narrative involvement.

The viewer is left to fill in the gaps between the enigmatic fragments of behaviour that Jost and his actors, who participated on an improvisational basis, choose to vouchsafe. This might be all well and good if either the people themselves or the visual strategies which Jost adopts were intrinsically interesting. Unfortunately they are not.

It is difficult to work up any real sense of caring about characters whose self-delinquency seems to know no bounds when they are simply plunked before us, bereft of a defining context such as a narrative might be expected to provide. At the same time, the distancing effect of the presentation, achieved by such means as endless travelling shots from car windows, has a somewhat predictable and tedious air.



A tiger who hunts at the margins

Jon Jost, radical American film maker, talks to Nigel Matheson



Jon Jost — survivor

HO CHI MINH said you put lambs in goat and tigers come out. In the case of the radical American film-maker Jon Jost, who was imprisoned in the mid-sixties for resisting the Vietnam draft, it turned someone who thought he was an artist into an agitator, and that is the way he has stayed.

"My two years in prison were better than the two years I spent in university as far as getting an education went. In an odd way, I'm glad I did them. It was time well spent, even if it was more time that it need have been."

"Some people were killed on the fence. Lots of others were raped. Most of the guards were ex-military and in their eyes a draft resister was about step above a child molester, one step below a murderer. I found the best way to defend myself was to exude an air of eccentricity. They thought I might have the strength of 10 men if they tried anything out on me. I survived."

Only about 500 Americans were gaoled for draft evasion during the Vietnam war — although many more were charged — but Jost says it was enough to stop the war.

Jost, now 41, comes from a military family. "At the age of 12, I told them that I wasn't going into the military, but they didn't believe me. When the draft papers arrived, I threw them away with the rest of the garbage and they busted me and slung me in gaol."

Since 1964 Jost has concentrated on photography and edited a large number of short films and, since 1973, six features. The fact that he operates as a one-man-band enables him to make his feature films on ridiculously low budgets. Angel City (1977) came in at \$6,000. Last Chants For A Slow Dance (1977) cost \$8,000. Stage Fright (1981) soared to \$35,000 thanks to German television money; and his latest, Slow Moves (1983), was shot for \$8,000.

He makes a point of letting his audience know how much his films cost. "People trot along like Pavlovian dogs to see the latest rubbish from Hollywood, made for however many million dollars. The reason I state how much my films cost is as a comment on the film industry. Hollywood won't blush at saying their new film cost \$20-30 million, so why should I not say how much mine cost? I want people to know that Slow Moves cost \$8,000 so it can be judged on that basis. It is also a soft-spoken form of politics: don't let these people tell you it costs \$20 million to make a film."

Jost's films are populated by figures who aren't glamorised or "special" and who enact disjointed dramas against constant background noise. Single takes can be ten

minutes long, characters repeat themselves and talk in a stumbling, sometimes dull fashion, and unpalatable statistics and events are thrust in the audience's face.

Jost isn't afraid to pick through America's dirty linen and he refuses to sensationalise what he finds. Speaking Directly (1973-5) is a fairly eccentric examination of what film-making entails and how the mass media work. Angel City seems like it ought to be a detective story but all the bits that normally make the genre suitable for Hollywood are left out. Last Chants For A Slow Dance is a road movie with a disturbing difference; and Slow Moves is the story of an ordinary couple who meet and cling to each other out of desperation as much as anything else.

"I like to let my films flow and drift," Jost says. People complain that my characters aren't worth watching in fact, one of the points of Slow

Moves was to make a film about characters who in the conventional sense aren't worth watching, characters who lack what ever qualities most people think screen people should have. I told the actors that I wanted them to stay away from anything that would glamourise them, make them witty or attractive. I wanted them to stay ordinary all the time."

Jost deliberately violates the primary rules of narrative, but still aims to pull the audience through 90 minutes. He sees it as a challenge. "Because of how they are represented in films, a myth has developed that certain kinds of characters don't exist. If you look at my films, you'll see that I tend to be drawn to the sort of people that aren't represented in the mass media. I am trying to say that people with problems exist, and people who are violent, and people who are inarticulate. Because of the

rules of the movie business, 80 per cent of the walking, talking community aren't allowed to be portrayed on film except as stereotypes and caricatures. This is no better than ignoring them."

"I try to make films about what is going on in the world and in that way they are realistic. I want to confront people with the kind of things they normally turn away from. I'm really interested in the marginal chunks of the world. It's not a question of my films being liked; if I can produce a film that stops people sleeping at night or produces thoughts that keep running through their heads, that's what is important."

In the early Seventies Jost helped Jean-Luc Godard to arrange West Coast screenings of Tout Va Bien. In return the French director insisted that three of Jost's shorts be shown before the screening of his own feature at the San Francisco Festival.

Godard replied to Jost's attacks. "Jost is not a traitor to the movies. Like almost all American directors he makes them move."

The admiration is mutual. "I like Godard's films a lot. I'll always learn something from what he does. By most other film-makers' standards, he's a very honest person."

Jost can't name any other well-known film-makers whose work he likes. In England last month for the London Film Festival, Jost has been travelling around miners' picket lines in the North "taking a look."

He's currently living in Berlin and making a film called Liebesfall, a word he invented meaning "a case of love," which transforms into Liebesfalle, or "lovetrap," near the end.

A retrospective season of Jon Jost's films continues at the ICA Cinematheque, The Mall, throughout January.

ONE OF THE MOST COMPELLING FILMS I'VE SEEN ALL YEAR

"NO ONE WILL FORGET IT" Weekly Magazine

"CRACKLES WITH A SARDONIC WIT THAT SPARKS" Screen International

Patrick McGoochan Alexis Kanner

ANDREA MARCOVICI in Alexis Kanner's

KINGS AND DESPERATE MEN

A HOSTAGE INCIDENT

OPENS CLASSIC ABC FROM ABC

DEC 28 OXFORD ST BAYSWATER JAN 4 FULHAM RD

BRIEFING

Best films

A Private Function (Odeon, Haymarket): Malcolm Mowbray's very funny feature debut, starring an Alan Bennett script, Michael Palin, Maggie Smith and a big Grandin (Warner West End, etc): Joe Dante's tongue-in-cheek horror tale, maliciously orchestrated as something like ET with wicked laughs.

The Killing Fields (Warner West End, etc): David Puttnam and Roland Joffe with Britain's answer to Apocalypse Now — uneven but a major attempt to translate Cambodian fiasco into human terms.

Best on TV

Escape From Alcatraz (tonight, ITV, 10.30): Clint Eastwood in 1979 Don Siegel account of famous Alcatraz escape artist P McGoochan as Warden.



Michael Palin, Betty, and Maggie Smith in A Private Function

Ghost Breakers (today, BBC 2, 2.50): Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard, circa 1940, spoofing around with vigour for George Marshall.

Superman II (Friday, ITV, 7.00): Perhaps the best of the three epics, with Richard Lester orchestrating Christopher Reeves's capering with some aplomb.

Wagner (Sunday, C4, 7.15): Tony Palmer's shortened version of the Wagner story still runs to half past midnight. Superbly decorated, less well scripted but acted by Burton and all-star cast with gloomy conviction.

Gregory's Girl (Tuesday, C4, 9.00): Bill Forsyth's best film, a comedy with a bit of a core to it, about boy-girl romance in a Scots comprehensive school. She outshines him in school football team.

The Handymen (Wednesday, C4 10.00): Micheline Lanctot's first feature, a French-Canadian comedy-drama about abandoned husband who starts affair with married suburban housewife.

Which Side Are You On? (Wednesday, C4, 9.00): Ken Loach's proscribed South Bank Show film, awarded first prize at Florence film festival and at last shown on British TV. About the miners' struggle, seen through their own songs and poems.

Special interest

The National Film Theatre's new Chinese season, More Electric Shadows, starts tomorrow. The notes are a bit hyperbolic ("Imagine The Yellow Rolls-Royce, directed by Ken

Loach" etc) but we hope for revelations. Meanwhile the Jerome Kern season starts next week with Tuesday's Till The Clouds Roll By with Judy Garland.

At the Ritzy, Brixton, from today to the 12th, there's John Sayles's entertaining if uneven Brother From Another Planet, coupled with Richard Pryor's Here And Now, about which the same applies. Don't forget Percy Adlon's very attractive The Swing at the Hampstead Everyman for three weeks only. Nor Moroder's quite impressive Metropolis at the Barbican — the print of Lang's classic is better than the music but that's not too dreadful.

At the Midland Group's New Cinema, the New Year starts with another interesting programme — Art Linkletter's Where's Here And Now, about which the same applies. Don't forget Percy Adlon's very attractive The Swing at the Hampstead Everyman for three weeks only. Nor Moroder's quite impressive Metropolis at the Barbican — the print of Lang's classic is better than the music but that's not too dreadful.

Derek Malcolm

January 1985

SOLE I LAUGHED MYSELF SILLY...

I JUST LEFT WITH AN ACTING SIDE FROM THE LUNATIC FARCE OF THE PLAY

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Good news is deceptive for South Africa

For South Africa the past year can already be seen as one of the most important since the end of the Second World War. There is no need to await the considered verdict of history before adding 1984 to the list of turning points for the apartheid state: 1948, when Afrikaner nationalism gained the power it has held ever since; 1960 and the Sharpeville massacre; 1961 and the exit from the Commonwealth followed by the declaration of the last of the Boer republics; 1976 and the Soweto massacre. But for 1984 there is no simple catchphrase because the tableau of events is so diverse, even if they are ultimately all related. The year was however a public relations disaster for a regime which thought it was winning on all fronts.

There was a marked shift in Pretoria's relations with its neighbours which pointed up South Africa's military, economic and political dominance of the southern African sub-continent. For a while Bismarck seemed to be alive and well and crowing in Afrikaans. Angola was forced by military action to join in monitoring a ceasefire on its border with Namibia, the territory South Africa continues to occupy and exploit in defiance of international opinion. Mozambique was pressured into signing a full-blown non-aggression pact by South African destabilisation. But Pretoria has not kept its word to either country. Nine months after they were supposed to have left, South African troops are still in Angola; and the South African catpaw of a rebel movement in Mozambique is just as big a threat to its government. The peace offensive looks set to go into reverse unless Pretoria can deliver on its promises.

At home, the jubilation among the white establishment attending the birth of a new constitution which entrenched white domination by giving two non-white minorities a subordinate share in the political process soon turned sour when the off-spring's hideous deformities became fully

visible. The new dispensation was overwhelmingly rejected, not only by the black African majority which had been left out altogether, but also by the alleged beneficiaries, the "Coloured" (mixed-race) and Indian communities, which massively boycotted elections to their chambers in the new, racially segregated parliament, which the President is in any case free to ignore.

Between the peace offensive and the constitutional change Mr P. W. Botha, then still to be transmogrified from the last prime minister to first executive president of Afrikanerdom, discerned a window of opportunity and jumped at an unparalleled chance to descend on several western countries. He was pictured with Mrs Thatcher and even with the Pope. But shortly after his fêted return from what appeared to have been a triumph against isolation, South Africa spun into a prolonged cycle of riot and repression provoked by the implementation of the constitution. This has already claimed far more lives than Sharpeville and may yet surpass Soweto, if over a longer period, because it is still going on. The grand tour proved to be the prelude to a new intensification of South Africa's pariah status. It will not be repeated, if only because presidents, but not premiers, make state visits and it does not seem likely that there is a room free for Mr Botha at Buckingham Palace.

All this counter-productive bullying at home and abroad was based largely on confidence in the continued benevolence of the United States with its unsuccessful regional policy of "constructive engagement". But what this policy helped to make possible set off a sustained bout of revulsion against apartheid in America which swept through the White House itself. That could prove to be the worst news of all for Mr Botha from a disastrous triumphant year in which the economy, the Achilles' heel of apartheid, also showed ominous signs of strain. South Africa therefore gained protracted and unfavourable attention in the West on a scale and at a pitch not experienced for many years. Western correspondents with their access to media unfettered by the more than 100 laws restraining the South African press have seldom been so busy in South Africa for so long. Neither they nor their often morally courageous South African colleagues (especially on certain Anglophone papers) can

be held responsible for the unremitting public relations disaster of 1984. Despotism is wont to punish the bearers of bad news, but, like the terrorist with the smoking gun in his hand and the dead hostage at his feet, they cannot expect to get away with "blaming the media" or anyone else for their own acts.

Some relief for cities at last

For once, it has not taken a riot to get something moving in the Government's inner cities' policy. As this newspaper revealed yesterday, ministers are planning a substantial spring cleaning of the machinery of Whitehall's Urban Programme in six of the most deprived areas. Task forces of officials and industrialists, modelled on the team which Mr Michael Heseltine unleashed upon Merseyside after the Toxteth riots in 1981, are to be given the job of pushing money and expertise into detailed projects in the so-called "partnership areas." These are the parts of the country which the other public spending programmes cannot reach, places so firmly entrenched at the bottom of every league table of services and opportunities that only combined special action by central and local government can offer effective remedies.

The revelation of the Government's plans has caught the local authorities off their guard. As recently as December 20, they had a pretty acrimonious meeting with the environment secretary, Mr Patrick Jenkin, which consisted of the presentation of a catalogue of complaints from the local councils about government inaction in the inner cities. Now it turns out that Mr Jenkin was keeping his cards close to his chest (hardly in the best spirit of partnership, some might feel), since the plans to set up the task forces, on which Mr Jenkin has been working with his new Cabinet colleague, Lord Young, go a long way to meeting some of the main grouses. Mr Jenkin's task will now be to sell his plans to a group of local councils which have little reason to love him this year of all years. Authorities in four of the six partnership areas — Manchester, Liverpool, Hackney/Islington and Lambeth — are lim-

bering up for the spring rates battle, with Whitehall, while all six are affected in various ways by Mr Jenkin's plans to abolish the metropolitan authorities and the Greater London Council. It is inevitable that discussion of the new urban programme plans will get entwined in disputes over rate support grant for councils' main programmes, but ministers seem ready to ride that problem. Their view is that the prospect of more money coming to partnership areas by whatever route will be enough to ensure that the councils will sit down with Mr Jenkin and do serious business.

In fact the main obstacle to the task force plan does not come from disgruntled Labour-run town halls. At the working level, relations in most of the partnership schemes are currently surprisingly civil. Mr Jenkin and the local councils both agree that job-creating projects should take a greater share of Urban Programme grants. There is a consensus on both sides that ethnic minorities should get a larger slice of the cake. The real difficulty with the Urban Programme is the reluctance of government departments other than Environment to take it seriously. Time and again, ministers and officials from relevant ministries like the Department of Health and Social Security, Home Office and the Department of Employment have simply failed to show up at meetings. The original idea of the Urban Programme was that it would cut through the bureaucratic compartments by getting those who need the money to sit round the table with those who can supply it. In practice, though, the talk has narrowed to how to dispose of the limited funds in the Urban Programme budget itself. What is still needed is a means of forcing all the relevant departments to put their own main spending programmes on the table for discussion with the partnership authorities. If the task forces provide a means of achieving that aim, they could open a lot of doors for inner-city spending.

As far as it goes, that will be good news for the deprived areas. But inner-city policy is strewn with false starts, abandoned projects and piecemeal change. In the short run, a more efficient means for getting the money to where it is needed is obviously a step in the right direction. But, against the backdrop of a decade and a half of Urban Programme work, it is hardly

reassuring that Whitehall is still tinkering with the repair manual rather than getting the job itself done.

Thorns on the cross-benches

In the New Year's honours list, trade unionists Mr Len Murray and Mr Frank Chapple were elevated to the peerage. These days Labour nominates only "working peers," those likely to work (ie, to vote) in the Labour interest. Messrs Murray and Chapple do not, apparently, come into that category. Although both men intend to work, one assumes, they will be doing so as nominees of the Prime Minister.

Mr Murray's loyalty to the Labour Party has been consistent and unquestioned, and though he has not so announced he can be expected to take the Labour whip in the Lords. Not so the future Lord Chapple of Hoxton, who in typical style announced his intention of sitting on the cross-benches just as Lord Cledwyn, Labour's leader in the non-elected chamber, was about to welcome him to the fold. Mr Chapple, as he still is, intends to use his new position to vote as his populist conscience dictates.

Curiously, at the same time he intends to remain an individual member of the West Malling Labour Party. That is up to him and up to them, but it does present some confusion for Lord Cledwyn. However, unlike a member of the elected chamber, Mr Chapple is not answerable to selection committees or the electorate, and he has presumably weighed any debt he owes to the Labour Party through his long union career.

Mrs Thatcher will doubtless enjoy the situation and might have foreseen it when she put forward for a life peerage a union leader who has so frequently distressed the Labour Party. But she should remember her own trouble with her own Lord just before Christmas. Lord Alport said the wrong thing and lost the Tory whip for his pains. Discipline and lack of electoral accountability are incompatible, and pretty unimportant. Lord Chapple and Lord Alport, respective thorns in the sides of their respective parties, will surely stir and probably entertain. As long as an unreformed upper house exists, that represents, at least, a contribution.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Voters who can't afford Labour's wealth of ideology

Sir, — I have just "struggled" through the Agenda article by Ben Fine et al. (Guardian, December 31), although I am not sure that any writing which includes such phrases as "the hegemony of bourgeois ideologies" is quite worth the effort. The authors seem set fair to continue the strife within the Labour party, the left and the right, and abdicate any responsibility they have to those who look for an Opposition, never mind an alternative government.

I would suggest they turn a couple of pages and read Hugo Young's article which is about the real world, not some pseudo-intellectual debating society. For the seven million people who rely on Supplementary Benefits it does not matter whether the Labour Party is ideologically pure, whatever that might be. To the hundreds of thousands of homeless it does not matter whether the right or the left win the fatuous fight for the soul of an increasingly irrelevant political party.

When, after the last election, Tony Benn said that socialism was winning the argument because eight million

people had supported the manifesto I think he actually believed it. I was one of those eight million and my main reason was that I hoped that the Labour candidate might beat the incumbent Tory. How many of Mr Benn's millions even knew what was in the manifesto? Until those in the Labour Party, the left or the right, cease their petty internal squabbles and actually find out what real people want instead of telling them what is good for them I am afraid Hugo Young's final prediction will be a certainty. Then those who hope for an alternative government will know that Labour has forsaken the poor, the vulnerable, the unemployed and all those without a political voice. At least those people will be able to go to a Labour Party meeting and watch the political dinosaurs, knowing they are unbesmirched by anything as filthy as reality. Ian McRobert, 115 Park Road, Peterborough.

Sir, — One hopes that James Curran's Christmas pudding was less stale than his letter (December 27). He

complains that Seamus Milne's article (December 18) "grossly simplifies the contest of ideas... now re-shaping the Labour Party" says Milne did. He certainly dropped a few clangers on the internal CP battle — nothing to do with the Soviet Union, martial law in Poland, the invasion of Czechoslovakia? But Curran merely compounds the distortions with interest.

All the familiar clichés are there. The Eurocommunists are "pessimistic" want Labour to "move to the right" "into the middle ground" and return to Labour's old "ineffectual policies and bankrupt ideas." From the Trotskyists, Stalinists and now the Bennites come the same accusations. So what is at the heart of the debate between the fundamentalists and the Eurocommunists and broader Left?

In a phrase: political strategy. The Marxism Today/Eurocommunist analysis hinges on an assessment of the balance of political forces in Britain today. It's based on what has actually been happening in British politics in the last three decades, not on what the Left

wishes had happened. The impact on the broader Left of this analysis of both Thatcherism and the halt to "Labour's Forward March" has been considerable precisely because we've confronted the awkward realities which others have shielded away from. That's why we don't think socialism is on the immediate agenda. Rather, the urgent priority is to unify the broadest mass of people in campaigning against all aspects of Thatcherism and create favourable conditions for the return of a Labour government.

The fundamentalists prefer to retreat from reality. If one thinks, like Tony Benn, that Labour's election result of June 1983 was "a remarkable development" then it's possible to believe that the answer to Thatcherism is instant socialism. In this scenario a strategy for winning back "Labour's lost millions" is redundant. A socialist manifesto and committed leadership will do the trick.

On policy Curran is again off beam. Far from harking back to the past the whole thrust of the Marxism Today

analysis is that the Left must face the future and shape a socialism appropriate to the 21st Century. To give just three examples: genuine commitment to the women's movement, local democracy and ecological balance mean that the character and content of a Left programme must be radically different from the past. These new themes cannot be just tacked onto the old.

Some of these issues are discussed by Stuart Hall (January's Marxism Today) in an article aptly titled "Faith, Hope or Clarity." Let's hope with a new editor 1985 brings less faith and more clarity to the pages of the New Socialist. Jon Bloomfield, Kings Heath, Birmingham.

Sir, — For a long time the terms Left and Right have been bandied about without any proper definition. However, the recent James Curran attack on Neil Kinnock's leadership (Letters, December 27) could help to provide an answer.

It would seem that the Left attacks the leader who ever he is and irrespective

of whether they voted for him in the first place. The Right supports the leader whoever he is even if they did not back him for the job. It would also seem that the Left are relatively unconcerned about elections as opposed to ideology and policy whereas the Right are concerned about, committed to, even obsessive about winning elections.

In James Curran's letter the electorate only make a brief appearance where he acknowledges that Neil Kinnock must "win back lost voters many of whose views are well to the right of Labour's Right wing." I would have thought that was our foremost task on behalf of those who most need the return of a Labour Government — the unemployed, the sick, the homeless and the underprivileged. All party members should be helping the leadership in that task not stabbing them in the back in the "biased" media — Yours faithfully, John F. Speller, (MR) Birmingham Northfield 108-83, 115 London Lane, Bromley, Kent.

Why Dublin and London will have to talk to Sinn Féin

Sir, — Your editorials (December 18) on Northern Ireland amount to your advocacy yet again of the time-honoured British policy of "isolating the extremists" whilst fixing a deal between governments out of touch with the people in the social situation which has produced support for them.

Your stated aim is to bring about settlement involving the Ulster Unionists and Reverend Ian Paisley's party (not, of course, extremists, by your British liberal criteria) and the SDLP, whilst refusing to recognise the considerable body of support demonstrated in elections for Sinn Féin. This is a non-starter. It is not simply Sinn Féin you are excluding, but the people in the areas which elected them, and it is precisely these people who have borne the brunt of Britain's misrule in Ireland and decades of Unionist oppression.

It is time the British and Irish Governments asked themselves "Who are the most oppressed people in Ireland?" and decided to begin searching for a political solution afresh by talking directly to them. Such an approach challenges the whole manner in which Governments tend to conduct their affairs, but nothing else will do in the Northern Ireland situation, and increasingly in Britain's internal problems too.

For this reason, the Labour Committee on Ireland applauds the initiative taken by Jeremy Corbyn MP in inviting Linda Quigley, a victim of strip searching, to the House of Commons to see MPs. The chorus of condemnation from the Government, media, and Michael Cocks, Labour's Chief Whip,

is misplaced, inappropriate, and deliberately designed to prevent a sensible dialogue between people in Britain and the worst oppressed sections of the Northern Irish population.

The Labour Party's Annual Conference passed a motion condemning strip searching. Linda Quigley was present at the debate with members of the Labour Committee on Ireland. She had been invited to Britain by the London Labour Party Regional Women's Committee who have a record of strong opposition to strip searching. Jeremy Corbyn's action was in support of Labour Party policy. To say it was mistimed is humbug. There is violence every day in the Northern Irish conflict. There is never a time when hypocritical liberals cannot swing their hands and say "the timing is not right."

Perhaps, in accordance with your general policy for Ireland, Jeremy should have invited a respectable middle-class professional person who had never been near Armagh to write in support of Labour Party policy. To say it was mistimed is humbug. There is violence every day in the Northern Irish conflict. There is never a time when hypocritical liberals cannot swing their hands and say "the timing is not right."

Perhaps, in accordance with your general policy for Ireland, Jeremy should have invited a respectable middle-class professional person who had never been near Armagh to write in support of Labour Party policy. To say it was mistimed is humbug. There is violence every day in the Northern Irish conflict. There is never a time when hypocritical liberals cannot swing their hands and say "the timing is not right."

Curtain call

Sir, — In his review (December 20) of Michael Sanderson's interesting book, From Irving to Olivier, Michael Billington points out that the theatre at the turn of the century, unsubsidised and chaotically organised, nevertheless managed to pay its actors more in real terms than it does today. There were also ten times as many theatres, and the process of "gentrification" affected only a few of them. In those days, the theatre was both popular and populist.

He calls for more subsidy to halt this decline and I would like to echo that call. But unfortunately theatre subsidies have been badly handled in this country that they have made many of the problems worse rather than better. We spent a lot of money building a new generation of civic traps in the 1960s, ignoring the existing stock of theatres; while, from the mid-1970s onwards, we have absurdly underfunded the reps to the advantage of the two national companies.

If the National Theatre had retained those profits from Amadeus which went to the Shubert Organisation in the States instead and not fallen flat on its face in a similar Anglo-Broadway deal with Jean Seberg, its finances would be in a much healthier state than it is today. Our subsidy system has failed to take account properly of our mixed theatrical economy.

This is scarcely surprising, for we have had governments which uncritically favour the subsidy system, followed by governments which dislike it. That kind of alternation has damaged stronger industries and professions than the theatre. — Yours, John Elsom, (Vice-chairman, Liberal Party Arts Panel), Angelsea Road, Kirtlington-on-Thames, Surrey.

The theology that forgot all about religion

Sir, — There is one aspect of the recent propulsion of the Bishop of Durham into the limelight which has been given insufficient attention — the divorce of the activities of the theological faculties of our universities from the everyday life of both church and state.

The quite proper secularization of higher education has led to a similar, but inappropriate, secularization of theological departments. Since the Enlightenment, both on the continent and in this country, academic theologians have increasingly pursued the study of theology as if it could be separated from the doing of theology, the constant testing of our understanding of God on the anvil of daily life and experience. The recent move towards multi-faith studies has done nothing to reverse this trend.

This situation has resulted in most theological faculties (a) being so concerned about their own "objective" and "professional" image that they no longer dare to include even the word "Christian" in the title of the courses they offer — the Christian baby has been thrown out with the confessional bathwater; (b) failing



to produce more than a handful of theologians that have anything of relevance to say to the world in crisis; and (c) having no meaningful language with which to communicate with "the real world of people."

Because the large majority of ordinands are trained, directly or indirectly, under the aegis of university faculties of theology, they too emerge similarly deskilled. The result is a clerical profession quite unable to relate academic theology to the immediate concerns of their own congregations, let alone the community in general, as the overwhelming number of superficial and irrelevant sermons shows.

No wonder that into this

void have stepped ultra conservatives, the moral majority, the creationists and a host of other fundamentalist groups to offer an infantile but at least personally meaningful version of the truth. No wonder that theologians, members of church and society look with naive amazement at the way this return to the religious cradle attracts the allegiance of thousands starved of anything able to take them further and sweeps the religious board.

David Clark, Director, National Centre for Christian Communities and Networks, Westhill College, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

Education for an all too uncertain future

Sir, — We are most grateful that Mr Luddington (Letters, December 31) writes to share our concern at the Rainer Foundation about the urgent needs of young people today. It is unfortunate, however, that Mr Luddington has mistaken our concern for a criticism of the good work of the teaching profession within the hard-pressed education system.

It remains, however, a sad fact that some two hundred thousand young people leave

school every year with few or indeed no qualifications. A frighteningly high proportion of school-leavers face long periods out of work — and it is precisely those least qualified who are most at risk, least equipped to cope. It is increasingly recognised that even those who have successfully acquired qualifications and skills traditionally acclaimed by society are liable to find their adult careers jeopardised by the "new technology." These immense problems of economic and technological transition are undeniable — and it

would be absurd to suggest that responsibility could be laid anywhere near Mr Luddington's door. Our President's, and our Patron's, impeccable record of concern with the welfare of the young needs no defence.

It is a shame that Mr Luddington seems to feel he must defend himself. On the contrary, we are both on the same side. — Yours faithfully, Chris Naylor, Director Appeals & Publicity, The Rainer Foundation, 89a Blackheath Hill, London.

Intelligence that's not tripe

Sir, — As your reviewer, R. W. Johnson, says (Guardian Books, December 27) the Sunday Times did indeed serialise New Lies For Old by Anatoly Golitsyn, the KGB defector. But that is not to say we endorsed his arguments. As we stated in the introduction to our serialisation on March 4 this year: "The Sunday Times does not endorse or dismiss Golitsyn's views. But they are clearly important enough to deserve a wide hearing so that they can be properly judged."

The reason we thought this was that Golitsyn's views had been edited into book form by former members of the counter-intelligence sections of America's CIA and

Britain's MI5 and MI6, who thought them worth the trouble. In other words, men who had spent a lifetime studying professionally the issues raised by Golitsyn were prepared to take him seriously. How well qualified is Mr Johnson to dismiss Golitsyn's views as "tripe"? Mr Johnson is also quite wrong to suggest that Mr Rupert Murdoch used his power as proprietor of the Sunday Times to "push extreme" right wing propaganda" by publishing extracts from Golitsyn's book. The decision to publish was solely an editorial one. Eric Jacobs, The Sunday Times, 200 Gray's Inn Road, London.

A COUNTRY DIARY

NORFOLK: In this predominantly agricultural county, sizeable refuges for wild mammals are relatively few. In the past fifty years much heath and woodland has been lost, hedges have been removed on a grand scale while those remaining tend to be so closely trimmed as to provide only meagre cover, and pesticides have had an adverse effect on our hare and other populations. Yet in the same period we have witnessed widespread colonisation of the countryside by foxes (which in the 18th century became so rare as to need reintroduction for hunting on two occasions) and by ferreted, fallow, roe, muntjac and Chinese water deer, while our wetlands were overwhelmed by hordes of cormorants in 1963 and more recently, grey squirrels have spread and increased everywhere. The latest intruder is the mink, now well established in the open fenland region adjoining the Wash, though as yet insinuating itself less obtrusively

in our eastern river valleys and the Broads, where its impact on some of our rarer breeding birds could prove disastrous. In this context the recent actions of so-called animal rights protesters in releasing the animals from mink farms is inexcusable. 1984 brought myxomatosis to decimate our vast rabbit population. Since then stocks of these animals have become prolific again in some places, notably old sand and gravel pits, heaths and dunes; but overall they have failed to recover their dominant position in arable country and its scattered fragments of hedgerow and woodland. For the first time I have been finding yellow-necked field mice in my house and garden on the fringe of a Broadland fen and other colonies have been discovered within a few miles of Norwich. Previously, these distinctive mice, though widely established in Suffolk, had been known only in a part of the Waveney valley just across the border in Norfolk. E. A. ELLIS

Miscellany at large

Sir, — As a keen amateur student of linguistic philosophy, I can announce the solution to one of our enduring problems, and one that has occupied me in much serious consideration for many years: "Gentlemen Lift the Seat" — definition or instruction?

British Rail fail to display the statement on its Inter-City 125 trains, and they don't. — Yours faithfully, Alan Bland, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

Sir, — Do you think one of your reporters might ask Mr Gummer whether he counts Mr Terry Walte as one of those churchmen who should stay clear of politics, or whether the Tories reserve a special category for those church people who get them off the hook (as distinct from those who draw more open attention to the Government's failings)? There can be no doubt that this was a political matter, since both Sir Geoffrey Howe and Colonel Gaddafi stated that the four men being held are "political hostages." — Yours sincerely, Adrian Ward, 46 Auckland Road, Kingston, Surrey.

Sir, — The Guardian (December 24), speaks of Mr Thatcher's "diplomatic triumph" and "Camp David

accord." The news this morning carries reports from two senior American Government figures, supporting deployment of space weapons. Anyone who has followed the development of the Strategic Defence Initiative will recognise your lead story as mere froth, or tinsel. The only triumph involved is a political one, in getting an intelligent newspaper to print hagiographic nonsense (and three photos of Thatcher triumphant!). Richard Barnes, Winchester.

Sir, — I wrote to my taxman in October, asking why I had to pay tax on freelance earnings I did not have. The following is his reply, which came after two months cogitation, just in time for Christmas:

"Your freelance earnings have been assessed as required for the first 3 years the income has arisen (1980/81 — 1982/83) on the current year basis. From the fourth year the correct basis of assessment is the previous year basis and 1983/84 has been assessed on that basis (income for the year ended 5 April 1983). I trust the above clarifies the position for you."

Is the last sentence a joke? — Yours, (Dr) Helen Rapp, London NW1.

As the hostages begin the trek south, JONATHAN STEELE examines Britain's ambiguous relations with Dr Savimbi

How Unita's rebels weave a tangled web in Africa

MALCOLM RIFFKIND's qualified condemnation of Unita's kidnapping of three British citizens "It does not win friends in the rest of the world and, if anything, damages its cause quite seriously" — would be remarkable in any context other than Angola.

Would Colonel Gaddafi be advised in such civil lines by the British Government that he would do better not to hold hostages against his will? Would Ayatollah Khomeini be told that Islamic fundamentalism might choose more acceptable tactics?

For Britain to talk so gently to Unita's leader, Jonas Savimbi, is a sign of the deeply ambiguous relationship in which the Angolan rebel group is held. Britain has diplomatic relations with the MPLA government, but privately would prefer — as would the United States and South Africa — to see Unita join a coalition government in Luanda, or even replace the present regime. This contradiction has grown just as the power and activity of Unita have grown, and it is now helping to make the already tangled problems in Angola and Namibia yet more difficult to unravel.

For the Angolan govern-

ment, the Kafunfo attack and the new seizure of hostages are a damaging setback. It is only ten months since the South African-backed rebel group scored a publicity coup by capturing 75 foreign workers. Since then, the government has claimed to have reorganised and improved its defences. To have allowed a repetition of Unita's performance is a failure, whatever success the government believes it has had in other parts of the country.

The exact nature of Unita's war is obscure. The rebel group has been willing to take journalists to its military headquarters at Jamba near the Namibian border, but the rest of its operations are hard to quantify. Clearly, it has the ability to mount sabotage and terror operations at many points in the country — tasks, which can be performed by small, roving bands.

It also has the ability to mass groups of several hundred men for operations such as Kafunfo. But all this is a long way from being able to seize major population centres even in areas where it tries to exploit a tribal connection with its largely Ovimbundu forces.

Unita has always relied heavily on propaganda and bombast, such as

Mr Savimbi's recent boast to journalists that by last December 20 he would have 7,000 men "ready to close on Luanda strongly." In fact, it did nothing of the kind.

What is clear about Unita is that in recent months Mr Savimbi has become more and more open about admitting his South African links. At the same time, South African efforts to force him into the negotiating picture have increased. He was the only African personality, other than the "homeland" chiefs in the apartheid state itself, to attend Mr Botha's recent inauguration as South African president. He calls Mr Botha "my friend."

Thanks to South Africa's backing, the Savimbi factor has become one of the major stumbling blocks to peace in Southern Africa. Across the continent, a similarly-promoted and South African-supplied rebel group in Mozambique has made nonsense of the Nkomati accord between South Africa and Mozambique which was meant to bring peace.

It is not surprising that the Angolan government has made a significant new decision in its proposals for reducing the Cuban presence in Angola. It insists that the United Nations should monitor the dismantling of Unita

bases in Namibia as part of the previously agreed but never implemented independence plan.

After four years of intensive American diplomatic activity around the Namibian issue, the Reagan Administration thus finds itself with as entrenched a stalemate as before. South Africa's long-standing reluctance to accept the UN plan, on the grounds that it would almost certainly lead to a Swapo government in Windhoek, has been compounded by South African demands, first for a parallel withdrawal of the Cubans, and second, for a role for Unita in Angola.

On the Angolan side there has been a slight shift of position, with the government saying it would be willing to begin a Cuban pull-back once the UN plan is working and only 1,500 South African troops remain in Namibia. But this concession by the government is less significant than its insistence on the internationally supervised dismantling of Unita.

For the South Africans this demand is hard to accept. They have shown in Mozambique that they are unwilling to cut their links with the MNR rebel group, with whom they have always claimed to have little connection.

They would be even less willing to abandon Mr Savimbi, whom they have publicly espoused.

As the Reagan administration begins its second term, it is clear that its linking of the Cuban issue with the separate problem of Namibian independence has made matters worse by feeding Pretoria's appetite. Other Western governments' ambiguous relationship with Unita have had a similar effect.

The United States argues that there is no way of persuading South Africa to withdraw from Namibia, unless Pretoria is offered something in exchange. But South Africa's price has risen dramatically in the last four years, and Mr Reagan and his negotiator for Africa, Dr Chester Crocker, have contributed to that process of inflation.

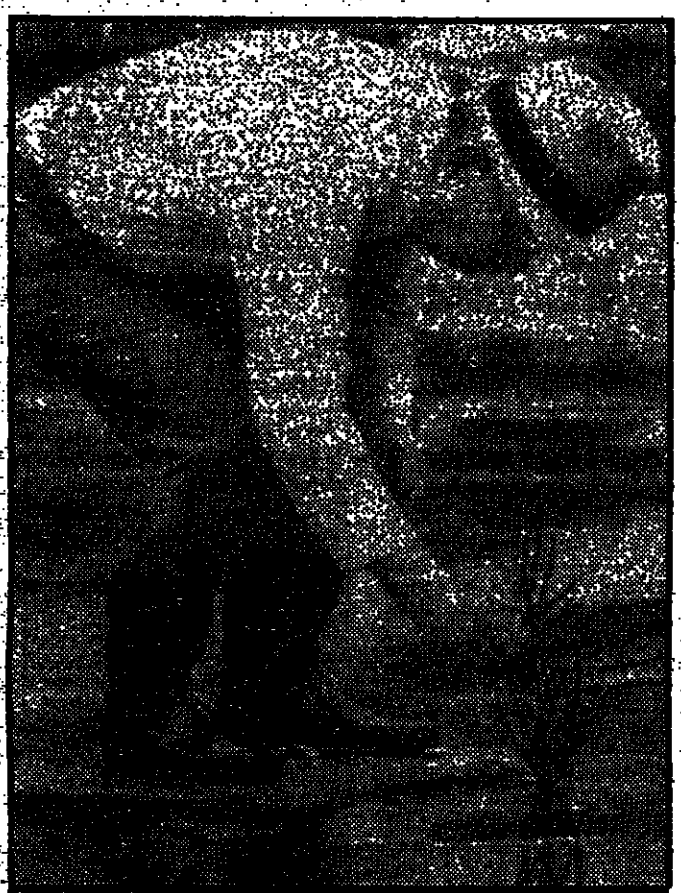
As the British hostages in Angola start their long trek south, it is as well to remember that they are a small token of a much larger and longer hostage-taking — the illegal retention by South Africa of Namibia, from which most of the region's security problems flow.

Jonas Savimbi, the leader of Unita



A shadow drifts over the empire of the sun

ROBERT WHYMANT reports from Tokyo



LAST YEAR, a number of magazines of the gossip kind and at least one book forecast what would happen on "X-Day" — the death of Emperor Hirohito, or what they describe tactfully as "the day on which the Showa era ends."

Happily, these reports have turned out to be highly premature. At 83, Hirohito, apparently in good health, is already the longest reigning emperor in Japanese history and well on the way to breaking the longevity record set by a 17th century ancestor (84 years, two months).

All the same, it is an open secret that elaborate plans have been drawn for mourning the close of Showa ("Peace and Enlightenment" the name given to Hirohito's reign) and for the accession of Crown Prince Akihito to the Chrysanthemum Throne in suitable style. This is hardly surprising, given the nation's mania for forward planning and precision. What is intriguing — and causing concern in some quarters — is "X-Day" may be exploited by those who want to restore the imperial institution to its former transcendental majesty.

Akiyuki Nosaka, one of Ja-

pan's best-known writers, says that broadcasting station chiefs have already decided on a plan to replace normal programmes with tributes to the emperor, documentaries, solemn music, and to eliminate commercials for an agreed number of days after Hirohito's death.

The saturation coverage, which could last for weeks until Akihito's enthronement, will ensure that everyone in the land, including children who have little awareness of the imperial family, is thoroughly indoctrinated, says Nosaka. "I see a revival of the emperor system after Hirohito dies. The authority of the emperor will increase."

Nosaka, who is no stranger to controversy, is a rarity in voicing criticism of this kind. Most commentators have played safe and respectfully speculate about the funeral arrangements, the shape of media coverage, the expected amnesty of criminals, including politicians, and the Emperor's role in the post-war period.

When Nosaka contributed to this spring, his magazine article had to be rewritten because it was considered too radical. It is not hard to be radical in Japan, where the press treats the imperial family as something fragile that might shatter under a critical word.

The Emperor's colds, and his wife's backaches are reported, but controversial subjects like Hirohito's role in the war are avoided. But even mild criticism can be dangerous, bringing reprisals from the forces of right-wing extremism, which flourish in some 840 groups loyal to the Emperor-as-God.

The throne is the most important no-go area in Japan's important press freedom. In 1981 a former member of the Greater Japan Patriotic Party attacked the home of a publisher of a magazine that carried a story considered derogatory to the imperial family. His wife was critically wounded and a maid stabbed to death.

Only a few months ago, the author of a piece of fiction about an assassination attempt on the Emperor fled abroad to escape possible attacks by extremists.

With control over news on "X-day," observers say, the palace will have a priceless opportunity to round off the metamorphosis of the Emperor, presenting him as all "peace and enlightenment." Japanese are unlikely to here a replay of the voices of former soldiers like Shōichi Yokoi, who emerged from the jungle of Guam 28 years after the war and said: "Those who per-

ished during the war died in the belief that they were fighting for the Emperor."

The accession of Akihito, which in theory should let some fresh air into the court, could easily have the opposite effect. Observers believe the imperial household agency, an archaic group of men with a yearning for the good old days of the 1930s, will do its utmost to block any further democratisation of the imperial institution. And their views closely reflect those of the ultra-conservatives in the government who refuse to come to terms with the 1947 constitution (imposed by the American occupation) which demoted the Emperor from absolute monarch to a "symbol of the state and the unity of the people."

Prime Minister Nakasone is a fervent advocate of elevating the Emperor, though quite how far is not clear. In a critique of the constitution in the Sixties he called on Japanese to revere the Emperor "shining above everything in his transcendence over the worldly" and recalled nostalgically the pre-war days when "the people, under their Generalissimo, the Emperor, dedicated themselves to the defence of the state."

his divinity in January 1946, but the constitution which demoted him is being subjected to drastic reinterpretation by conservative administrations bent on rearmament and on subordinating individual rights in the service of the state.

With the mass media afraid, or unwilling, to report honestly on the imperial throne — the public learns as much or as little, as the palace news managers care to spoon-feed to journalists. About Crown Prince Akihito, who defied tradition and married a commoner, the Japanese know a lot of athletics meetings, and has made several overseas trips, and are perhaps vaguely aware he is coming a little more into the limelight as the close of Showa approaches.

Little more has been divulged about Akihito, who is 51. The imperial household also announced he has contributed a section about gobies to a book on fish.

The Japanese may never get to know much about the nature of their remote emperors, but they do have a feast of information about gobies from Akihito, and from Hirohito the definitive work on the crabs of Sagami Bay.

ANDREW MONCUR on Sir Keith's classroom struggle

School discord year

WHEN Sir Keith Joseph, the Education Minister, addresses the North of England Education Conference in Chester tomorrow, many will question what has happened since he last spoke in the body a year ago. Then he was enjoying the accord which greeted his move to set the course of education in our time. Now he is surrounded by discord.

One year on, there is a clear feeling among teachers that any progress has come about despite the Education Minister. It is a harsh view, but relations between the profession and Sir Keith have become strained, at a time when he has declared his aim to strain after quite different objectives.

A year ago, in his now-famous speech at Sheffield, he announced a bold and ambitious initiative to improve the achievements of children at school throughout England and Wales. It was seen as the policy statement of his term as Secretary of State. A landmark speech, which pointed towards a brighter world of school work.

The key words were relevance, broadness and balance. Standards were to be raised, including the levels of professional competence among teachers.

Since then he has presided over the worst period of industrial disruption to afflict the schools' discontent over teachers' salaries, a collapse, in the unions' view, of professional morale, and a

breakdown in discussions over staff career structure. His threat, issued in November, to impose regular assessment of teachers by legislation was greeted with anger by the unions.

Against that background, moves to improve the content and quality of education have tended to fade into the background. The Department of Education and Science points out, with justification, that fundamental changes of this kind do not occur overnight. Much has been going on during the year to realise Sir Keith's long-term ambitions for the schools.

"Progress is being made," a DES spokesman asserted yesterday.

One of the key changes which Sir Keith has approved in the year is his decision, in June, to introduce the new 16-plus examination. The GCSE. Pupils will sit the exam for the first time in 1988 and the syllabuses will be introduced in 1986.

The Secondary Examinations Council, which recommended that the existing O-level and CSE examinations should be replaced by a single system of examining, has been working to establish clearer yardsticks by which candidates will be measured.

It has brought teachers into working parties which have been planning to bring in criteria-related grades, which means that pupils will be judged against clearly defined standards instead of the performance of their peers.

Sir Wilfred Cockcroft, chairman of the SEC, said that his council had regarded Sir Keith's Sheffield speech as "absolutely a working document" which gave clear direction to its work.

"It places the onus on examining boards to be as precise as they possibly can be about what they expect a boy or girl to be able to do to achieve a grade," he said.

"That seems to me an enormous step forward and can only be beneficial to teachers, parents and pupils alike, as well as to employers."

Elsewhere there have been initiatives on the organisation and content of the curriculum for five to 16-year-olds and on the teaching of English. The HM Inspectorate has been working at levels of attainment which children ought to be able to achieve in their listening, speaking, reading and writ-

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David Rose

Bound to fight

John Rosselli on the art of selling war

The Fateful Alliance: France, Russia, and the Coming of the First World War, by George Kennan (Manchester UP, £15).
The Scaremongers, by A. J. A. Morris (Routledge, £25).

THE remark "England and Germany are bound to fight" E. M. Forster wrote in 1910, "renders war as a little more likely each time that it is made, and is therefore made the more readily by the gutter press of either nation."

Here are two books that in their different kinds say yes to that. Kennan scouts the belief in inevitable war among pre-1914 elites, military ones in particular, Morris among the wider range of people who made it their business to warn the British public against Germany.

Both books mark a return to explanations of the coming of the first World War that were current half a century ago: runaway military machines were to blame, and with them the growth of rabid, incompatible nationalism that influenced key politicians or soldiers (for Kennan) or politicians, pressmen, and voters (for Morris, whose verdict is much less clear).

Kennan, a prophet for our times as well as a diplomatic historian, has eloquent passages written with present-day Washington not far out of mind:

"... behind the scenes the wheels of the two great competitive military establishments were always grinding along in the invariable manner of such establishments: imperious to any hopeful political possibility, accepting — if only for the hypothesis of military planning — the inevitability of a war that was otherwise not at all inevitable, and thereby creating a virtual inevitability that, but for their efforts, would not necessarily have existed at all."

These grand conclusions do not sit easily to Kennan's main business, the charting of the tortuous, muddled, often contradictory path to the 1904 secret military convention by which Russia and France undertook to start general mobilisation if any of

the Central Powers mobilised even partially, an arrangement that undoubtedly was to play a part in the outbreak of war in August, 1914.

The work follows the transactions of four years among a dozen or so people. It is a detailed diplomatic history by a veteran ex-ambassador, and follows a previous volume on the break-up of Bismarck's system of European checks and balances, which crucially neutralised Russia. A third volume, we are told, will take the story to 1917-18, presumably on quite a different scale.

Royal tiffs matter, so do the physical and moral health of individuals. Both on the French and on the Russian side rivalries between Ministers or departments tangled the web; still more important, in Russia, were disagreements between Ministers and their nominal subordinates. But what according to Kennan, tilted the balance was the will or whim of Tsar Alexander III, a dour, dense personage, hostile to the Kaiser and resentful of Balkan frustrations to the point of eventually looking to the break-up of Germany.

From this much evil flowed: "How endlessly unfortunate," Kennan writes, "turned out to be this involvement of Russia ... in the great Western European conflicts of the first years of this century" — unfortunate first of all for Russia, where war "fatally interrupted" modernisation and brought revolution.

How convincing is this? Kennan's thesis seems dangerously close to the "if only" or Cleopatra's nose, theory of history. Russia had, after all, been drawn into earlier Western and Central European conflicts — against revolutionary France, then against revolutionary Hungary.

What is really troubling is a large void at the heart of Kennan's analysis — and of Morris's work on the scaremongers. Was there something to be scared on? For the two years historians have debated the thesis that Germany was indeed engaged on a "drive to

world power." But you would not guess it from either book. Kennan notices the thesis only so far as he denies that Bismarck's Germany had been bent on any such thing; the Russo-French alliance, he thinks, looked back to injuries suffered in Bismarck's day rather than forward to any genuine peril.

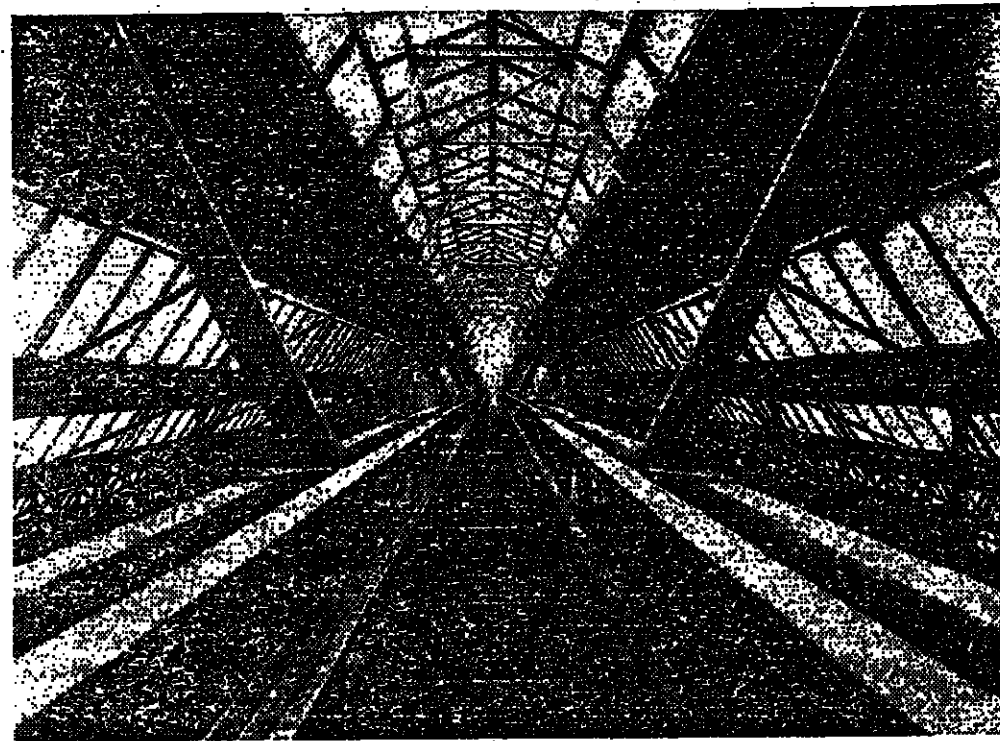
Morris has saddled himself with the task of explaining the scaremongers' motives and purposes "in their own terms." All too often this makes for no explanation at all. Northcliffe was fuelled by egomania and a circulation figure. But were G. G. Garvin, George Saunders, Leo Maxse, and the rest cranks or Cassandras?

What we hear about is the interior economy of Teuto-phobia. This means a relentlessly detailed narrative of the years 1896-1914, episode by episode, drawn from newspapers and journals but especially from the superbundled correspondence of the time.

Today we have telephone gossip, the chat chat of El Vito and Annie's Bar. Then people wrote letters; they have mostly been preserved and Morris, one often feels, quotes from or paraphrases nearly all of them. The method is that of the late Stephen Koss's volumes on the political press, applied in these near 500 pages with less discrimination and control.

One conclusion is that politicians courted the press, but scaremongering campaigners could achieve little unless politicians chose to exploit their lead. Even then the account of the Baghdad Railway affair leaves it unclear whether one of the scaremongers' few successes (the Government did not go through with financing the German project) was apparent or real.

Another conclusion is that behind the bragging facade lurked a "fatalistic pessimism," a "constant fear that Britain and her empire were dangerously vulnerable to an aggressive and determined enemy." No doubt, but the pessimism need to be further explored. There is such a thing as the pessimism of the ultimately self-satisfied.



Up in the roof of the Hauptbahnhof, Leipzig, from *The Great Railway Stations of Europe*, by Marcus Binney with photographs by Manfred Hamm and notes by Axel Foehl (Thames & Hudson, £16). The authors see the stations as symbols of the triumph over time and space that came about with the building of the railways in the mid-19th century. The symbols were designed to impress the traveller with the glory of the railway company and the nation itself. They live on as a tribute to their engineers

Concentrated mind by Robert Nye

Sir Walter Raleigh's Selected Writings, edited by Gerald Hammond (Corgi Press, £14.95).

"FOR little and amorous Ode I find Sir Walter Raleigh's vein most lofty, insolent and passionate." Thus George Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie* (1589), and the epithets will serve to define Raleigh's range in other kinds of poems than "ditties" and "amorous odes." For instance, his disconcertingly epigrammatic lines "On the Life of Man":

What is our life? A play of passion;
Our march, the music of division;
Our mothers' wombs the tiring houses be;
When we are dressed for this short scene
Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is,
That sits and marks still who doth act amiss;
Our graves that hide us from the searching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march we playing to our latest rest —
Only we die in earnest, that's no jest.

The last line there comes like a stab in the back of the whole poem. Metaphor even the brilliance of such metaphor as would describe Haven as "the judicious sharp spectator" is suddenly dropped, and a voice speaks out without irony or adornment, without any kind of disguise: *Only we die in earnest, that's no jest.* There is an aptness in the gossip that ascribes several of Raleigh's pieces to "the night before he died," "supposed to be written by one at the point of death," and so on.

His best work has the truthfulness of someone facing things finally, possessed by a need to say what he has to say as plainly and briefly as possible. If his last words on the block sound like a line of his poetry, so do the lines of his poetry sound very often like last words: the summary of a lifetime's experience.

Gerald Hammond's anthol-

ogy reproduces the bulk of Raleigh's poems as the canon has been established by twentieth-century scholarship, and like all other popularisers he owes her a great debt to Agnes Latham's *The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1923; revised and supplemented 1951). His book also includes the Introduction and fairly copious extracts from the *History of the World*, much of the intriguing "Discovery" of Guiana, *The Last Fight of the Revenge*, *Observations on the Navy*, and letters.

The result is a good introduction to one of the most interesting and enigmatic figures in English history, extraordinary for its revelation of how Raleigh diversified his talents in so many fields, excelling as explorer, soldier, courtier, historian, administrator, and as one of the finest poets of his own or any other period. It comes as something of a relief to realise, as Hammond reminds us, that he was a bad writer and did not know Hebrew.

Scant evidence

Michael McNay reviews art books

Anglo-Saxon Art, by David M. Wilson (Thames & Hudson, £25).
French Eighteenth Century Paintings, by David Wakefield (Gordon Fraser, £40).
Watteau, by Marianna Boland Mitchell (Tredell, £29.95).
Matisse, by Nicholas Watkins (Phaidon, £25).
Michelangelo: His Life, Work, and Times, by Linda Murray (Thames & Hudson, £16).
Donatello, by Bonnie A. Ben-nett and David G. Wilkins (Phaidon, £35).

OUR KNOWLEDGE of Anglo-Saxon art rests mostly in a tantalisingly few monuments and artefacts. The corpus is small enough for many of the best known treasures, like the Alfred Jewel and the Sutton Brooch, to be included in the greatest survey of the British Museum exhibition of the so-called golden age (866-1066).

The director of the BM, David M. Wilson, covers a wider span of time in his new book — from the arrival of Augustine in the Conquest, from the Bewcastle Cross in the bleak border country of Cumbria to the Bayeux Tapestry, made after the Conquest but in Canterbury by Anglo-Saxon needlewomen. But more: he places England as the centre of a great artistic enterprise, with English artists called upon to work in the scriptoria of Charlemagne and masterpieces of Celtic art like the Ardagh Chalice, the Book of Kells (actually probably made in Ireland), and the stunning crosses of the twelfth century, and cross-fertilising Anglo-Saxon art.

This is the thirteenth century of Watteau's birth and as good a year as any to dispel the myth that he persisted almost until the year of his death (1721) that he was a great melancholic whose spirit was reflected in his painting. He was, as David Wakefield points out, more Flemish than French, and his work, who arrived in Paris untutored in prevailing fashions and therefore more able to resist the promptings of the Academy. Marianna Boland Mitchell refuses to subscribe to the myth and her fine monograph emphasises the realism and psychological intensity of paintings like the portrait of Gilles, one of the troupers

with the *Commedia del'Arte*; surely the first of a long line of sad clowns in art.

Mr Wakefield is at pains to re-establish the genius of Boucher and Fragonard as well in the face of a modern tendency to decry them as minor whiffersnatters, to their ability and everything to our difficulty in empathising with an artistic court governed by the taste of the Pompadour.

The legacy of painterly brilliance bequeathed to French art survived at least until the thirties of this century, and Matisse was in direct line. Matisse may be the great innovative colourist of our century, but as the Hayami exhibition showed, his plastic invention too was of the highest. Nicholas Watkins is a thorough-going guide to the career in a well illustrated volume.

Two monographs of the greatest sculptors of the Renaissance, Donatello, who reinvigorated the tradition of free-standing sculpture, and Michelangelo. The first book illuminates the fruitful interplay of iconography, political necessity, and realistic portraiture in the work of Donatello. In the second, Linda Murray pulls together most of the documentary evidence available to set the fantastic corpus of work by the divine Michelangelo (the description of his contemporaries) in the social and political context of sixteenth-century Florence and Rome — real values for money as art book prices go today.

The Vogue Bedside Book (Hutchinson, £9.95), sixty years of it, from Aldous Huxley (Vogue staffer 1929) on popular literature and *Margaret Asquith's Changes I Have Seen* ("Today you will meet every kind of person in the highest society") to a soufleur of a story (Johanna Carver) actually by Angela Carter via, well, everywhere. Thomas Becham, Gertrude Stein, J. G. Ballard, Peter Sellers and Salvador Dalí, all characteristic if not all at their best — edited by Josephine Ross.



Christa Wolf

Cassandra's ghost by Peter Redgrove

Cassandra, by Christa Wolf, translated by Jan van Hemrik (Virago, £4.50 paper; £9.50 cloth).

CHRISTA WOLF began to read Aeschylus' *Oresteia* in an empty apartment in East Berlin after having missed her Athens plane. A panic rapture spread through her, she says, and 3,000 years melted away as the figure of Cassandra possessed her. The seer had taken the modern woman captive: only the curse that nobody would believe the prophesies had passed away, for the living woman believed.

She gets to Athens, the Acropolis floating above in the deep blue sky like an airship, and below in the modern city, destroyed by building, overcrowded, homicidal, money-chasing, Cassandra's ghost hurries with Wolf through the streets of stones and bones and dignified cynicism who seem to ask whether there was any alternative to his barbarism, except in art.

Wolf consults a noted scholar; he can tell her little about the play that satisfies her except that the meanings of Cassandra's story oscillate down the generations depending on whether you're on the side of the men or of the

women. Even Aeschylus gives his own chorus of women the task of branding women as the great evil under the sun.

Then we are in Heraklion, but Cassandra's spirit is not far away. On the evening walk that promenade of male youth, flashing eyes, unabashed glances, scuffles, the concentrated charge of aggressive masculinity that would grant no quarter — a city of men ... I began to feel sick.

Back at home in East Berlin, Wolf plunges into reading — *The First Sex: Mothers and Amazons; Women — The Mad Sex: The White Goddess; Mother Right* — which tells her that the history of literature and the West is the history of this aggressive masculinity. Cassandra's message is naturally not believed at large, for she "is one of the first women figures handed down to us whose fate prefigures what was to be the fate of women for 3,000 years: to be turned into an object." Now we are all involved in this magickal fate.

But this writer asks herself whether Cassandra's contemporaries — the possession doesn't lie in the way the prophetesses learn to deal with pain. In that case, pain is "the point at which I assimilate her ... the pain of becoming a

knowing subject." Assimilation, not exorcism.

Now Wolf feels she can develop a writer's ethic of resistance by telling the true story, set at the beginning of our time, of Cassandra as one who bewails the future because she understands the present. Daughter of the King of Troy (whose people "were no different from us. Their gods were false gods too") she makes contact with minorities through the gift of her seer-ship, moves off the beaten track and strips herself of all privileges. In the end unlike Greenham Common she is alone, the one man she trusts, Agamemnon, is off to found cities, and becomes what she most distrusts: "We have no chance against a time that needs heroes."

Cassandra is a double package: the fiction plus lectures about how she came to write it. Alas, the novel is like a dry appendix in which you cannot see the people, smell the streets, feel the turmoil, the trouble and menace as you can in the enthusiastic and unswerving "condition of a narrative" section. I suspect the tale suffers in translation: Wolf herself says if Cassandra appeared in those corrupted Athens streets "I would not recognise her because I would not understand her speech."

Worse and worse by Mary Midgley

Ordinary Vices, by Judith N. Shklar (Belknap Press, Harvard, £13.20).

"TREACHERY, disloyalty, cruelty, tyranny ... are our ordinary vices," said Montaigne, who is, as the author explains, the hero of this book. Its purpose is to support his view that cruelty is the worst of these and of our other ordinary vices.

Cruelty is worse than pride, which the Christian tradition put first: worse because deliberate attacks on our fellow-beings are more abominable than the mere refusal to accept God's sovereignty. But it is also worse than hypocrisy, which gets first place in the modern, anti-Christian tradition running from Machiavelli to Nietzsche.

Hypocrisy is not more than moral division, confusion and incompleteness. Indeed, it can easily be avoided by the simple expedient of no longer trying to be decent.

Thus Judith Shklar uses this rather unexpected approach

very effectively, firing off a shrewd right-and-left at our whole current moral tradition. On the face of things, it might seem that the question "which is the worst of the vices?" had more in it than the chance for an intriguing parlour-game. Actually it has. It raises the whole question of moral priorities.

Essentially the three main candidates — pride, cruelty and hypocrisy — stand severely for injury to God, to other sensitive beings, and to ourselves. In recent times the last has indeed been given priority — in fact it has sometimes seemed to be the only area of morals exempted from total scepticism, and the grounds for this exemption have been rather puzzling. Though this move has had something to recommend it, I think Judith Shklar is right that it does leave us in a moral vacuum, full of integrity and authenticity, but with nothing of importance to use them on.

The book's thesis, then, is really interesting: what about the treatment? This is con-

crete, historical and full of good examples. The author — an American political theorist — has used a great range of cases, literary and otherwise, to examine past changes in ideas on these topics and the somewhat jumbled state of our thoughts about it today.

Some people may, of course, object to the whole enterprise on the grounds that talking about vice at all must be vindictively judgmental. This is rather confused. Moral judgment is used as much in talking about virtues as about vices. As for vindictiveness, it is itself a vice like another.

Judith Shklar discusses the objections to it well, both under the heading of cruelty — when it is very relevant because Montaigne's objections to cruel punishment are part of the starting-point — and also under that of misery. She is particularly interesting. This is a humane and acute book, throwing useful light on an important and neglected subject.

Ringed changes

by Christopher Wordsworth

The Collected Stories of Frank Tuckey (Macmillan, £12.95).

Rituals, by Cees Notboom, trans. Adrienne Dixon (Viking, £8.95).

AFTER the feast the reckoning: there could scarcely be a timelier purgative than Frank Tuckey whose *Collected Stories* must rank him with such contemporary masters of the form as Pritchett and O'Faolain.

One had speculated that he was perhaps too waspish, too absorbed with the detritus of English attitudes, to stand up well in collected form, but that is far from being the case. Versatility — a dry quality — is a quality which Tuckey has in abundance, and he is not less genuine because it has to be tracked down — are all present as he rings the changes with a light hand on what he is frequently compared by an artist who can write something fresh and stimulating from the tribal desert of our days.

The world of *Rituals* by the Dutch novelist, Cees Notboom is not exactly sweetness and light either, the latest cult-hounds, Hare Krishnas and other seekers after truth being compared with passengers in a driverless train falling in panic and someone declaring "It's about time they dropped the damned thing. Just imagine the wonderful silence that would follow!"

The flaccid narrator, sabotages his own system by infidelity but lacks the nerve to shuffe off this mortal coil. He is frequently compared by an artist who can write something fresh and stimulating from the tribal desert of our days.

As the intellectual compost of despair it makes impressive reading, perhaps a close brush with pretentiousness at times while at others it was not only the hermit's dog that reminded me of Camus.

Calypso politics

by Carol Rumens

Rum and Coca-Cola, by Ralph de Boissiere (Allison & Busby, £9.95).
Beneath the Lightning and the Moon, by Fred Uhlman (Duckworth, £7.95).
Bad Girls, by Mary Flanagan (Corgi, £3.95).

RALPH DE BOISSIERE'S *Rum and Coca-Cola* was first published in an Australian edition in 1956, a sequel to *Crown Jewel*, and its author's second novel. Set in his native Trinidad during the second World War, it skilfully analyses the cataclysmic effect on the island's social structure produced by the arrival of the American armed forces. Naturally, this effect is felt not only by the West Indian population, but by the colonial rulers who suddenly see their smug mini-dictatorships in jeopardy.

De Boissiere, however, is less convincing as a chronicler of these more rarified zones of the power-struggle than at grass-roots level. He acknowledges charts the rise of the nationalist movement, in which a major role is played by an idealistic young calypso-singer, Fred Collingwood.

At the same time, this is the story of the intense but ill-fated love between Fred and "Mopsy," a strikingly intelligent and beautiful ex-prostitute with an immense drive to self-betterment but little political sensitivity.

When he is describing the emotional lives of his characters, de Boissiere writes with passion. His portrait of Mopsy is ablaze with insight and empathy. The political episodes seem pale by comparison: dry, factual, reportage through which swirls a host of names, most of them bit-players of no great individuality.

Pablo Neruda once said of political poetry that it had infinitely more power of emotional arousal than love poetry. This is no doubt true when the political issues concerned are like those in *Rum and Coca-Cola*, connected with the most fundamental human rights. It is a pity that, perhaps by failing to concentrate with sufficient intensity on a single issue, de Boissiere falls short of the resonant potential of his political mate-

rial. Otherwise, this would have been an outstanding novel rather than one which is sometimes eloquent, sometimes merely workmanlike.

Beneath the Lightning and the Moon is also set on a tropical island, one that is uninhabited before the quiet of surprisingly unscathed survivors of an air disaster. The characters polarise rather too neatly into goodies and baddies; on the side of the angels are Ruth, young, innocent, beautiful, and Von Thal, a distinguished middle-aged scholar who, we are told, has recently been interviewed on Desert Island Discs. (This, I think, represents the moment of humour.) Bullen, the millionaire is suitably repulsive, and Richards, though a dab hand at making fishing tackle and catching fish, turns out to be as selfish as Bullock before he becomes a psychopath into the bargain.

Fred Uhlman derives what psychological interest he can from this not exactly original situation, but the novel is hardly one that speaks out of any great inner compulsion or range of insights. Its saving grace is its economy in which it avoids becoming as predictable as an outline of the plot might suggest.

A lively first collection of short stories by an American writer living in Britain, *Bad Girls* sometimes reads like a cross between Iris Murdoch and Cynthia Ozick. Mary Flanagan specialises in brave, youthful middle-age, and her intellectual, refined, socially privileged heroine, spending at least as much time on their gardening and flute-playing as on their sexual encounters, invariably turn out to be more shamed against than sinning even when they stoop to murder.

Some of the stories adopt a somewhat predictable stance (largely that of life women smaller-than-life men), one, "Melusina," is too ambitiously esoteric for its own good. But the best, *Death in Sussex*, for example, demonstrates both compassion and the ability to write a fierce humour from the direst straits of grief (in this instance, an almost-brotherly suicide by a respectable, middle-class suburban woman who learns she has cancer.)

Corrupted by toys

by Peter Vansittart

Nero: The End of a Dynasty, by Miriam T. Griffin (Batsford, £17.95).

NERO's reputation for cruelty, extravagance, irresponsible buffoonery, was reinforced by Jewish and Christian propaganda installing him in the demagogue.

Owing power not to proven ability but to intrigue and murder, he was perennially insecure, and, while impossible to despise, is here plausibly depicted as more than a disastrous megalomaniac, the Anti-Christ, hero of de Sade. Pliny termed him "destroyer of the human race, and indeed his judicial killing of his mother, wife, foster brother, of Seneca, Lucan, Petronius, and scores of others, failed to ingratiate him with early biographers."

The Principate was not impossible to manage, but demanded rulers of exceptional talents, character, assurance. Nero was a disaster at the beginning, initiating of "existing tax reforms, useful public architecture, engineering, decoration, urban building regulations, a forecast policy moderate save for a dire mistake in Britain."

He cherished the material needs of the populace, who remained loyal after his ignoble, perhaps unnecessary fall, and hoped for his return. A philhellene, with some early delicacy of imagination, he tried to educate Rome in music, drama, poetry, sport, on Greek models, restoring considerable freedoms to Greece itself. His coinage was superb. Trajan judged his first year as "incomparable," his persecution of Christianity was deemed reform.

Nevertheless, the hazards, burdens, appetites of absolutism seem to have proved too heavy. He lacked moral stamina. His remarkable showmanship degenerated to vulgar exhibitionism, need for applause, fantasy, paranoia, intolerance of rivals in whatever sphere.

Flattery insulated him from reality, killings became irresistible short-cuts, and he fatally neglected or abused key generals. He developed too many prima-donna traits. Provoking financial instability, upper-class resentments and fear, he took astonishingly careless precautions, and, in crisis, was doomed not by military defeat but personal irresolution and panic.

Griffin presents this without sensationalism, with interesting examination of the nature of the Principate, the Golden House, the Mercurian literary renaissance, and Nero's relations with his mother, the Senate, the public and, politically and psychologically, with Asia. She finds scant evidence for his notions of himself as saviour, and presents a talented, flamboyant, corrupted, big for his time.

Different stuff by Hugo Cole

Gustav Mahler, Richard Strauss, Correspondence, 1893-1911, edited by Kerta Blaukopf, translated by Edmund Jephcott (Faber, £19).

A FIRST reading of the correspondence leaves one amazed that two rising composers, working in the same arena, could behave so large-mindedly toward one another.

Support went far beyond adorning words. Strauss, always a little ahead as a composer, used all his influence to promote performances of Mahler's works. Mahler, who held the senior conducting posts, eagerly performed new Strauss works as they appeared, and staked his reputation and position on productions of *Feuersnot* and *Salome* in Vienna. The censor's rejection of *Salome* was

a contributory cause of his resigning the Opera directorship in 1907.

The letters are largely concerned with practical matters: projected performances, the copying of parts, the engagement of singers or instrumentalists, and are really rather dull, or will seem so to those who remember the unbuttoned eloquence of Mahler's letters to Alma, Strauss's to Hofmannsthal. But they gain in interest retrospectively, when one passes on to the admirably objective essay by Kerta Blaukopf which follows — 56 pages of letters — and itself refers back frequently to Alma Mahler's biased but revealing *Memories and Letters*.

Many things which Mahler never managed to say to Strauss he could, and did, say to Alma. Jealousy momentarily surfaces when, after a

successful double performance of the Fourth Symphony in Amsterdam, he writes: "I have beaten Strauss, who is all the rage here, by yards." He is disturbed by the direction Strauss is taking in his music: "I tried to show him the blind alley he had got into. Unfortunately, he could not quite follow what I meant."

He goes on, rather arrogantly, to suggest that while he could see the whole of Strauss, Strauss could only see Mahler's pedestal. He is terribly pained by Strauss's aloofness. Strauss keeps his emotions to himself, warding off attempts at intimacy with amiable witticisms, which generally misfire.

Mahler never solved the Straussian enigma. Of Strauss he wrote: "It is a work of genius ... Deeply at work in it, under a mass of rubble, is a live volcano, a subterranean fire, not a mere

firework! It is probably the same with Strauss's whole personality."

Strauss for his part never cared to look below the surface. Yet more than thirty years after Mahler's death, coming across a copy of Alma's epistolary comments in *Memories and Letters*, he showed by his marginal notes that he too could be wounded. Against a passage in which Strauss describes how the blustering, cold-hearted Strauss caustically fails to notice Mahler's unmovable emotion after an important rehearsal, he writes "I don't pretend to understand such things."

When Mahler himself complains to Alma of Strauss's "cynicism," he is inviting the cynic to a lunch, a *troupe*, as people made of different stuff than I?" Strauss adds the single word "Yes!"



Crocker's grapes of wrath give Midland a trampling

The ever-rising dollar has made it cheaper for Californians to buy French wine than local vintages. As a result, Californian land prices have slumped, Peter Rodgers reports

A LOAN to a big new California vineyard which has yet to produce any grapes emerged yesterday as the worst single problem among \$324 million of provisions against bad debts announced by Midland Bank's California subsidiary.

The price of California grapes has halved, French wine is now undercutting the local vintage in US markets because of the rise of the dollar, and vine growing land has collapsed in price from \$10,000 an acre to \$3,000. The result is a financial disaster for the banks, such as Crocker, which lent money to finance agricultural expansion two or three years ago. The cost is coming home to roost in London, eating a big hole in Midland's profits.

The grower in question has bought land and planted it with vines, and is now waiting for his first commercial crop. But it takes three years for vines to reach maturity and another one or two years before they become really productive, so he has no revenue.

As the value of the land which he has pledged as security has plummeted, Crocker has made provisions of between \$20 million and \$30 million against its loans to the grower, whose prospects of getting a return are not helped by the slump in the price of his product.

The financially stricken grower is still struggling along, though he will only be trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored when his crop does mature, because he will get so little for it. Midland's version of the Grapes of Wrath does not however include the mass foreclosures

of impoverished farmers which characterised the great 1930s agricultural depression. Midland executive director Mr Brian Goldthorpe says that Crocker is the second largest agricultural lender in California and plans to continue backing its customers so that there will be few foreclosures on their property.

But judging by the \$300 million that Crocker has set aside to cover general problems stemming from any further deterioration in California agriculture this year, the cost of seeing farmers through the recession is still mounting rapidly. Midland's forecast suggests the worst is not over.

Vine growers are the biggest single area of concern, but there is also a broad range of other mainly agricultural businesses affected, together with the related real estate industry. Mr Goldthorpe says that the fruit and vegetable industry "the Mexicans are growing lettuce cheaper than Californians," who in the past had a big advantage in mechanisation and irrigation.

The ferocity of the agricultural depression in the United States is only now being appreciated, and its effects are spreading far beyond California. There are serious problems in the grain belt, which could hit the Mid-West banks badly. With the US recovery rapidly slowing, and no sign yet of the fall in the dollar needed to make American products more competitive, it could get worse not better, exacerbated by large European surpluses of wine and grain.

Even the weakness of oil prices is hitting California agriculture, as oil companies

which invested in speculative land sell off their holdings to raise cash, depressing the market still further.

For Midland, the California fiasco is a new and damaging blow because it is the second time in just over 12 months that the bank has sprung news of massive and surprising California losses on its shareholders.

Late in 1983, Midland's board was appalled to find that Crocker had run into heavy losses. The 57 per cent owned subsidiary was run at arm's length by its own management but when the awful truth emerged about its bad loans Midland took over full management control. In mid-1984 it announced that it was bidding for the minority of shares which it did not already own, taking control to its logical conclusion.

The old management was removed, new brooms came in, teams of specialists were hired to go over the books. Although the latest losses are also a surprise, and were confirmed only in the last few weeks of the year, they have been discovered because of the deliberate actions of Midland management in seeking out the facts about the loan book. So the City, which was flabbergasted a year ago, gave Midland a little of the benefit of the doubt, and marked the shares down less than some of the bank's own executives had expected.

Midland chairman Sir Donald Barron emphasised yesterday that the big new loss provisions represented a further deterioration in loans already listed as problematic. He said, "There aren't any new problem loans emerging." The renewed downturn in California agriculture in the last few months has sim-



Top, Californian harvest; and below Sir Malcolm Wilcox (left) and Mr Tom Wilcox, architects of the bank's alliance.

ply forced an even gloomier assessment of the chances of getting all the money back from the growers.

The oddest aspect of Midland's problems is that they are almost entirely domestic ones, within the United States, because the Latin American debt crisis has made little impact on its figures. Although \$300 million of loans to Argentina were classified as "non-performing" at the year end - because of delays in interest payments - Midland has been saved the embarrassment of making additional provisions by the new international financial rescue for Buenos Aires.

If the International Monetary Fund executive board had failed last Friday to approve a standby loan to Argentina, and the rescue had failed, Crocker would have been faced with further large bad debts and the picture would have looked far worse still.

The cost of the Crocker losses to Midland at home - where business in the UK has been looking up - is a further drain on the bank's capital which restricts the growth of lending. It also makes it inevitable that the bank will have to raise new capital this year, although it is trying to avoid a rights issue.

The head of domestic banking Mr John Greenwell

denied yesterday that the California losses would lead to an increase in bank charges in the UK, and said that the new fees being for customers who kept their current accounts in credit was "substantially increasing the number of accounts every day."

But although none of the UK banks are overtly charging the costs of their foreign adventuring to British customers, there is little doubt that the weakening of their capital bases which results in forcing them all to raise margins in the UK wherever the pressures of competition allow. They need the money.

Midland executives now blame "bad lending" as the deep rooted cause of Crocker's problems, lying behind the deterioration in its markets. The irony is that it was the infusion of Midland capital which allowed Crocker to go on a new lending spree three years ago.

"New capital permits new growth," said Mr Tom Wilcox, in 1980. He was then chairman of Crocker and along with his namesake, Sir Malcolm Wilcox, former chief general manager of Midland, he was joint architect of the alliance between the two banks. As another of the great vineyard sayings has it: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge" (Ezekiel).

Investors subdued as pound falls again

THE MARKETS

Investors yesterday returned to the City in a fairly complacent mood, having seen share prices established at record high levels on the last day of trading in 1984. Sentiment, however, was soon clouded by the further decline in the ailing pound - which tumbled to more record lows, and by news of fresh troubles at Crocker Bank, the US subsidiary of Midland Bank.

The uncertainty soon prompted a markdown, but there was no great weight of selling. However, in the context few investors were willing to change their arm, so it was left to the share tips and special situation stocks to monopolise most of the business.

There was of course considerable activity in banking shares as Midland plunged to 340p, in the opening minutes, but it was able to stage a small recovery at the end of the session to 347p - a loss of 27p. Others in the big four fell back in sympathy, although quite quickly recovered the bulk of their losses.

Gift-edged stocks in the meantime, showed increasing concern over the slump in sterling and accompanying fears that it may precipitate a rise in interest rates. A shade of the bottom at the finish, falls still stretched to 1 at the longer end.

BOWATER has sold Georgian Goodacre Carpets of Kidderminster and Kendal, formerly Bowater Carpets, to Melton Medes, of Nottingham.

Leading equities finished widely lower but falls usually were confined within a 2p to 3p band. Thorn-EMI, which awaited figures on January 10, eased 7p to 477p. In contrast, insurances held up fairly well. Life companies found support helped by the latest seasonal business statistics.

Stores, foods and breweries, well to the fore in the recent boomlet, encountered profit-taking. In the last named group, Matthew Brown was able to resist the trend on a revival of speculative demand. The shares closed 15p to the good at 285p.

Shipping also progressed, reflecting country buying. Manchester Ship Canal, with figures due soon, climbed 24p to 250p, while IMOS Packaging advanced 14p to 149p.

Oils were looking a little hesitant at the close, while South African mining shares, in step with lower bullion positions, displayed a majority of falls ranging from 25c to a dollar.

Profit-taking chipped 5p off Blue Circle Industries to 475p. Eyedore rose 10p to 120p on speculation lifted Marshall Batfax 4p to 250p. Recent press comment on the virtues of Phoenix Timber benefited the shares, 4p ahead to 148p. More press comment, on Northern Engineering Industries, led to a 21p rise to

57p. Bestobell, a takeover favourite and with a new chairman in place, firmed 4p to 342p.

International Signal encountered profit-taking, down 5p to 380p. Tipped in a local Midlands paper, Melbore went ahead 8p to 183p. Speculative demand lifted Camford Engineering 2p to 30p. Guinness came back 5p to 238p after recent sharp rises as investors cashed in for profits.

Rowntree, in a foods sector, dropped 8p to 375p. McCormac closed off the best at 193p, up 3p, as the John Wisden acquisition found favour. The company has been mentioned as a possible target for Robert Maxwell's BPC following the failure of the bid for John Waddington.

Stores also saw some profit-taking. Debenhams dropped 7p to 208p, Dixons 12p to 562p and John Hephworth 13p to 175p. Ward White, tipped for profits growth in the coming year, rose 10p to 215p. Rothmans, also a press favourite, firmed 5p to 187p. Speculative demand benefited Cope Allman, ahead 3p to 138p.

Investment support in a thin market saw De La Rue 8p better at 795p. Hanson Trust, which has had a good run recently and been the recipient of several "share of the year" plaudits, came back 5p to 344p on profit-taking, spurring a 10p fall in Powell Duffryn to 435p on the basis of Lord Hanson's share exchange offer.

Fading bid hopes lost Minet Holdings 5p to 238p. Esplanade Trust where the chairman and well-known company doctor, Ronnie Aitken, is seen as a force for recovery following the ousting of founder Ron Shuck, continued its recent rise, up 5p to 240p.

British Telecom met further investment demand to firm to 1064p, 1p better and another new high for the issue. Interim figures are due next week. Rio Tinto-Zinc, tipped for profits growth, rose 10p to 597p. Profit-taking clipped 25p off Henderson Administration to 588p. Recent issue Candover continued to make progress, closing up 3p to 222p. Oliver Prospecting, in favour last week on rumours of an impending good drilling report, came back 30p to 160p as the rumours went sour - the well in the Celtic Sea may be dry.

Jaguar found comfort in the weak pound, lifted 1p to 256p by US support. Oil price worries unsettled British Petroleum, back 6p to 480p. Comment on recent issue Wardle Stores gained the shares 4p to 178p.

Main changes: Thorn EMI 477p down 7p; Midland 347p down 27p; Matthew Brown 57p up 15p; Refrigo 318p up 8p; IOMs 380p up 14p; NEI 57p up 21p; Manx Ship 230p up 24p; Dixons 562p down 12p.

Stock Exchange turnover for December 81: Number of bargains 18,264; Value £245,891 million. ● Paris: Shares finished narrowly mixed in light, trendless activity. Traders said a lack of major external news caused prices to drift aimlessly for most of the session. The new year holiday also dampened activity by keeping participants away from the market.

The general indicator finished the day with a rise of 0.22 per cent. But declines led advances 84 to 73.

AIM Group, the aviation equipment company, reported a 71 per cent increase in pre-tax earnings to £235,000 for the half year to October 31, 1984. Sales were £1 million higher at 7.3 million, and the board says that planned deliveries for the second half of the financial year make them confident that the growth will be maintained.

● Frankfurt: Share prices rose to record levels as moderate buying demand at the start of the new year met with only a few offers to sell. The Commerzbank Index, which was adjusted to reflect prices of newcomers Nixdorf AG and Porsche AG and three other increasingly popular shares, surged to a record high of 1118.4, up from 1107.9 on December 28.

● Hong Kong: The Hang Seng index rose 20.36 points to lodge firmly above the 1200 level with a close at 1220.74. Optimism about the new year's economic prospects was raised by the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, whose economic department released a prediction of 10 per cent growth for the HK economy in 1985.

● Tokyo: Market closed due to public holiday.

● Money markets: Business in the periods stayed thin. There was a little issuing of sterling CDs in the "ones". Local authorities seldom ventured into the open market because of light inquiry for notice money.

FT Ordinary Share Index closed 11.9 at 840.4, FT-SE 100 index down 12.1 at 1220.74. Pound: \$1.1465; DM: 3.63; Fr 11.12; Gold: \$305.50. Account: December 24 to January 10. Sterling Index 72.5 (1975=100). RPI 358.3 (November) up 4.5 per cent on year.

COMMODITIES

Copper	Cash \$1.137 per lb; three months \$1.142 per lb; one year \$1.147 per lb; two years \$1.152 per lb; three years \$1.157 per lb; four years \$1.162 per lb; five years \$1.167 per lb; six years \$1.172 per lb; seven years \$1.177 per lb; eight years \$1.182 per lb; nine years \$1.187 per lb; ten years \$1.192 per lb.
Gold	Cash \$350 per ounce; three months \$350.50; six months \$351.00; nine months \$351.50; one year \$352.00; two years \$352.50; three years \$353.00; four years \$353.50; five years \$354.00; six years \$354.50; seven years \$355.00; eight years \$355.50; nine years \$356.00; ten years \$356.50.
Oil	Cash \$18.50 per barrel; three months \$18.60; six months \$18.70; nine months \$18.80; one year \$18.90; two years \$19.00; three years \$19.10; four years \$19.20; five years \$19.30; six years \$19.40; seven years \$19.50; eight years \$19.60; nine years \$19.70; ten years \$19.80.
Wheat	Cash \$1.10 per bushel; three months \$1.11; six months \$1.12; nine months \$1.13; one year \$1.14; two years \$1.15; three years \$1.16; four years \$1.17; five years \$1.18; six years \$1.19; seven years \$1.20; eight years \$1.21; nine years \$1.22; ten years \$1.23.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

Currency	Rate
Australia	1.0000
Belgium	1.0000
Canada	1.0000
Denmark	1.0000
France	1.0000
Germany	1.0000
Italy	1.0000
Japan	1.0000
Netherlands	1.0000
Portugal	1.0000
Spain	1.0000
Sweden	1.0000
Switzerland	1.0000
USA	1.0000

INTEREST RATES

Bank deposit rate	7 days	1 month	3 months	6 months
Bank of England	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Ireland	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Scotland	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Wales	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Cyprus	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Greece	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of India	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Japan	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Korea	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Malaysia	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of New Zealand	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Norway	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Singapore	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of South Africa	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Sweden	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Switzerland	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Taiwan	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of Thailand	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Philippines	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Netherlands	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the United Kingdom	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the United States	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the West Indies	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Caribbean	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Pacific	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the South Pacific	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Central America	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Caribbean Sea	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Gulf of Mexico	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the North Atlantic	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the South Atlantic	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Indian Ocean	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Pacific Ocean	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Atlantic Ocean	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
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Bank of the Western Ocean	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Central Ocean	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.5
Bank of the Southern Ocean	10.5	10.5	10.5	10.

Now hold up your head Wade Dooley

David Frost on England's new lock, who is expected to rise to great line-out heights

WADE DOOLEY, the 6ft 8in lock forward from Preston Grasshoppers who is the first unexpected of the five new players chosen to play for England against Romania at Twickenham on Saturday, owes his selection to what might be called the "Japanese syndrome".

The Japanese, being a people of generally small stature, have great difficulty in finding locks tall enough to compete in the line-out against other countries. Shiggy Kusan, the chairman of the Japanese Rugby Union, jokingly complains: "As fast as we breed tall men, you people produce even taller ones. Every time we come to Britain, your locks are taller still".

England find themselves at the moment with much the same problem in world rugby as the Japanese. Last year in New Zealand, the All Blacks fielded two 6ft 11in locks, Andy Haden and Gary Wickett, against the national side. Last Sunday, they fielded last summer, the Springboks also fielded two giant locks, Rudi Visagie and Schalk Burger.

A year ago England had three experienced locks of comparable stature: Steve Rainbird, John Fidler, and David Cusani. But Rainbird is banned from international competition this season because he was sent off in a club match, Fidler has had to retire because of persistent ankle trouble, and Cusani is still recovering from a cartilage operation. Any one of these three would have walked into the current England team as the No. 4 line-out jumper.

In their search for a new man to fill this position, the England selectors chose Nigel Redman and Vince Cannon as locks for the national side last Sunday. But they watched Cannon play for the Barbarians against Leicester last Thursday, and Redman

in action for the South-west against the Romanians on Tuesday. Neither satisfied them.

Dooley was in the preliminary squad announced by the selectors earlier in the season, and played for Lancashire — for the first time — in their recent county championship campaign. Previously, Lancashire had been able to call on such tall men as Cusani and Kimmings of Orrell, and McKie of Sale.

Dooley, now 27, was first spotted by the Hoppers nine years ago, when he joined the police and began playing for Lancashire Constabulary. Since then he has played for the British Police, and has helped Lancashire Constabulary to reach the final of the

British Police Cup in three of the last four seasons.

Ironically, he owed his place in Lancashire's championship team this season to the knee injury suffered by Cusani, who has yet to play for England.

Dooley has encountered problems finding time to play this season, since his police duties have taken him away on miners' picket duty. He was just going on night duty at Blackpool police station when told of his selection for England.

"I am dumbfounded. This has come right out of the blue," he said. "I will have to ask my sergeant for time off."

The national selectors had watched him playing for Lancashire, but he was kept out of the North team against the Romanians at Birkenhead Park last weekend by Rainbird. Luckily for Dooley, the other North lock, Jim Syddall, had to leave the second half. Now he has been picked to partner Syddall for England.

Brian Wilson—Dundee United 2, Aberdeen 1

Gough heads off the champions

SOCCER

The winning combination of Eamonn Bannon and Richard Gough struck again with 13 minutes left to push Dundee United to the fringe of the title race, now much more open than seemed likely at the old year's end.

Gough's flying header past Leighton completed a remarkable hat-trick. He has headed the winner in United's last three wins—the others were at Pittodrie and Celtic Park—and each time Bannon has supplied the cross—this time from a free kick.

It was a thrilling, if over-physical, game. The referee,

hundreds more turned away. The scene had been well set by Aberdeen's poor results of recent weeks, allied to United's surge of greatly improved form.

Aberdeen, desperately missing Alex McLeish, were far from confident under pressure, but they took the lead after 25 minutes. MacDougall was brought down by McAlpine after the ball had bounced oddly for the goalkeeper and left the Aberdeen striker with the goal at his mercy. McQueen converted the penalty.

But the lead lasted for only four minutes and Gough was the architect of the equaliser. He took a pass and sent the ball across the face of the goal for Dods to head home.

United, the more organised in defence and gradually dominant in midfield, scored their winner in the aftermath of one of the more spectacular incidents. Simpson fouled Malpas, who kicked out in retaliation, and Holt came charging in to add his weight of the altercation. All three were booked, before Bannon, who broke a hand during the match, stepped up to take the free-kick for Gough to score.

United's skipper, Hegarty, a majestic performer, was also booked, for a foul on Falconer. Aberdeen's manager, Alex Ferguson, pinpointed his defence in the half in which they were high balls as the main problem. Jim McLean, his Dundee United counterpart, described it as "a good result for Scottish football" because of its impact on the title race.



BITTER-SWEET BANNON — Dundee United's Eamonn Bannon made his side's winner — a flying header by Richard Gough—but finished the "New Firm" nursing a broken hand

SOCCER IN BRIEF

Wilson set for Ipswich

IPSWICH are set to complete two transfer deals today, selling Republic of Ireland winger Kevin O'Callaghan to Sheffield United for £125,000 and buying Derby striker Kevin Wilson for £100,000.

The 23-year-old Wilson, who has scored 15 goals in 40 appearances, agreed personal terms with Bobby Ferguson yesterday at Portman Road, while O'Callaghan — Ipswich's record signing at £250,000 five years ago from Millwall — met Ian Porterfield.

BOBBY Gould has been voted Sports Personality of the Year by listeners to Midlands radio station Merca Sound — within days of being sacked as Coventry City manager. He also topped the poll in 1983.

LEEDS have ruled Andy Ritchie out of the FA Cup third-round tie against holders Everton at Elland Road tomorrow night. The striker sprained his ankle in the draw in which he scored against Manchester City after recovering from an earlier ankle mishap.

Leeds will defer selection until tomorrow morning but seem certain to play George McCluskey, the former Celtic striker, in their attack.

ROBBIE SAVAGE, Bournemouth's leading scorer, is having treatment for a broken leg as the Third Division side prepare for Saturday's FA Cup tie at Manchester United. Full back Chris Sulley and midfielder Keith Williams are other Bournemouth injury worries.

WEST HAM'S centre-back Tony Gale will be out of action for at least a month. Gale was stretched off with strained knee ligaments in the home defeat by QPR.

OLDHAM manager Joe Royle will have talks today with midfielder Mick Maguire, who has been given a free transfer by Barnsley. The 32-year-old Maguire cost Barnsley £30,000 from Norwich, where he once played alongside Royle.

ASTON VILLA's central defender and captain Allan Evans, carried unconscious from the pitch against West Bromwich on New Year's Day, is expected to recover from a mild concussion to play in Saturday's FA Cup tie at Liverpool.

BRADFORD CITY will be without player-manager Trevor Cherry in Saturday's FA Cup non-league tie at Torquay United. An X-ray yesterday revealed a fractured ankle and the former England defender will be out for at least three weeks.

MAIDSTONE UNITED Alliance Premier League champions, have appointed Barry Fry as their new manager. Fry has been in charge of Barnet for six years and replaces Bill Williams, who resigned three weeks ago to move to South Africa.

Bob Fisher

Admiral to pilot Cup challenge

SAILING

A British challenge for the America's Cup in 1987 is a virtual certainty. Yesterday Admiral Sir Ian Easton announced the Royal Thames Yacht Club's plans for an attempt on the trophy, saying that a budget of £5 million was necessary. Half that amount has already been pledged, the admiral said, but he added that unless the balance is guaranteed by the end of March, the challenge would have to be withdrawn.

The challenge is conceived on very different lines to that of Peter de Savary's Victory syndicate in 1983; this is not an individual effort but one organised by a management team, with Sir Ian as the strategic genius.

He will not acknowledge that he is the leader, wishing that role on the syndicate's president, Graham Walker. Walker, the captain of Britain's Admiral's Cup team in 1983, is heavily committed this year to both that event and the One-Ton Cup.

There is no doubt, though, that it is Walker's business acumen that will be the director of the Argyle Group, a major food and drink company — which has established the fund-raising structure for the syndicate. Walker compared the task to the funding of the London Olympics, saying that a giant effort is needed to make British industry aware of

the benefits that could be obtained from involvement with the America's Cup.

As yet there is no named designer for the boat the syndicate intend to start building in April. Nevertheless, the consultant input is impressive; both British Aerospace and the National Maritime Institute are involved. The syndicate's technical director is Phil Crebbin, the former skipper of Victory '83 and a computer technology consultant with huge sailing experience.

Much was made of Australia's design breakthrough in the last America's Cup, and of the part played by the facilities at the Netherlands Ship Model Basin. The facilities at the National Maritime Institute are at least equal to those in Holland.

Harold Cudmore has been named as the British skipper, and will have full control of the sailing activities of the syndicate. He is the best match-race helmsman in Britain, a fact regularly endorsed by winning the Royal Lycoming Cup — four times in the last five years — and many other international match-racing events. He has considerable 12-meter experience, and the ability to coordinate an 11-man crew.

While the syndicate's organisation looks impressive, it is not on their side; the first boat, even if it started on schedule will not be sailing until next December in Perth; and that is only one year away from the completion of the challenger selection trials.

The winds of change

The London International Boatshow opens today at Earls Court, and exhibitors are offering many improvements for racing sailors. For offshore competitors in particular, there are a number of electronic refinements on display.

It has long been held that the offshore sailor's complex task of instruments has been reduced because wind velocity has been an input factor, rather than wind force. Now Travares has produced a completely integrated system, which bases its calculations on the force of the wind on the sails.

This new system has been designed in conjunction with John Oakley, the Olympic and America's Cup sailor. Oakley believes the system will be of particular advantage to sailors who prepare their boats in the early part of the year, when

the wind is cold and dense, for events in the summer, when it is warm and thin.

One of those to benefit may be Martin Gibson, whose new Admiral's Cup plans were revealed at Earls Court yesterday. His 45ft Dubois-and-Humphreys-designed yacht is to be sponsored by Rascal/Decca, who will invest £50,000 of its £250,000 cost.

At the other end of the scale, £2.1m will purchase the latest in glass fibre, Fiberglass. The new builder, Giles Reinforced Plastics, has produced a boat which utilises varying plastics lay-ups in a novel way, to give the stiffest, possible hull and deck within the rules. This sort of technological innovation could inspire builders of other boats to follow suit.

Bob Fisher

AYR CARD

12.45 Tarchin
1.15 Starshot
1.45 Earls Brig

2.15 Flying Oats
2.45 The Small Miracle
3.15 Gun-Carriage

— DENOTES BLINDERS —

12.45 — BROMHAM CONDONAL JOCKEY'S HANDICAP HURDLE: 2m; 657 (8 runners).
1.15 — STARCH (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
1.45 — EARLS BRIG (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
2.15 — FLYING OATS (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
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3.15 — GUN-CARRIAGE (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).

15 — DUNDEE UNITED JOCKEY'S HANDICAP HURDLE: 2m; 657 (8 runners).
1.15 — STARCH (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
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RICHARD BAERLEIN'S SELECTIONS
Map: BEAU FILS (13.0 Lingfield)
Next bet: THE IRISH RHINE (3.20 Lingfield)

145 — HOLMBROOK HANDICAP CHASE: 2m; 11.2m; £2,427 (3 runners).
1.15 — STARCH (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
1.45 — EARLS BRIG (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
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3.15 — GUN-CARRIAGE (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).

215 — STARCH HANDICAP CHASE: 2m; 11.2m; £2,427 (3 runners).
1.15 — STARCH (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
1.45 — EARLS BRIG (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
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3.15 — GUN-CARRIAGE (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).

400 — KILBURN HANDICAP CHASE: 2m; 11.2m; £2,427 (3 runners).
1.15 — STARCH (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
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Handicapper has a stiff National task

D RACING

Richard Baerlein

In the Food Brokers Happy New Year Handicap Chase over four miles at Cheltenham yesterday, Lucky Vane, fourth in last year's Seagram Grand National, beat Corbiere, who ran third, one and a half lengths. It was the first serious National trial of the season.

Last year's National winner, Halo Dandy, had earlier proved himself in top form and is being given a temporary rest before being brought back to finalise his training.

Thus, the National weights, which are not generally considered of great importance compared with a horse's ability to act on the course, are likely to have extra significance this season, especially in regard to last year's finalists.

Indeed, yesterday's race is likely to put the compiler of this year's weights in something of a dilemma. Last year the 1983 winner, Corbiere, carried 12st into third place, two and a half lengths in front of Lucky Vane, who had 10st 13lb. Yesterday, Lucky Vane gave Corbiere 6lb plus the beating, a turnover of over 21lb.

Last year's National handicapper put up Corbiere 12lb, the regulation increase for a winner the previous year. Trainer Jenny Pitman objected strongly, saying that he was being cruel to her horse.

If, however, the handicapper had given Corbiere any less, connections of the other entries would have been entitled to complain that her horse was being given special dispensation to gain a further victory in the race. Jenny seems to have ignored that side of the argument.

The old-time handicappers were inclined to take no notice of form on park courses when compiling the National weights, and they relied solely on their own judgement.

Of course, they were helped in that there were two meetings a year at Liverpool and the Grand Sefton Handicap Chase in November was a serious National trial over a rather shorter distance.

Now, if the handicapper takes yesterday's result seriously and puts Lucky Vane up to 12st, Toby Balding is entitled to complain that his horse has gone up 15lb, though only finishing fourth, while the normal increase for the winner is only 12lb. I do not see how he can give Corbiere less than 12st again, without the accusation that he is favouring Jenny Pitman's horse.

LINGFIELD

1.00 Belgrave Lad (nb)
1.30 Caddagat
2.00 Pompos Prince

2.30 Doublegain
3.00 SYLVAN BARNUM (nap)
3.30 Bob Tisdell

JACKPOT (Pool £1,824) and PLACEPOT: ALL SIX RACES
TOTE DOUBLE: 2.0 and 3.0. TREBLE: 1.20, 2.0 and 3.30
— DENOTES BLINDERS —

1 — SEVENAGES NOVICES CHASE: 2m; 11.2m; £2,427 (3 runners).
1.15 — STARCH (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
1.45 — EARLS BRIG (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).
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3.15 — GUN-CARRIAGE (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).

15 — DUNDEE UNITED JOCKEY'S HANDICAP HURDLE: 2m; 657 (8 runners).
1.15 — STARCH (C/O) (B. C. McKeown) 5-11-8 — P. McKeown (5).

BBC-1

6.00 am Ceefax 9.25. 6.30 Breakfast Time. 9.00 Charlie Brown. 9.25 The Perils of Penelope Pitso. 9.45 Why Don't You... 10.10 Jackanory. Peter Pan by J. M. Barrie. 10.15 Paddlington. 10.30 Play School. 10.50 Mickey and Donald. 11.15 Bonanza. 12.5 pm Wait Till Your Father Gets Home. 1.30 News After Noon. 1.57 Regional News. 1.58 Pebble Mill at One. 2.00 in York. 2.00 Bagpuss. 2.5 International Tennis. 3.48 Regional News (except London and Scotland). 3.50 Play School. 4.10 The Family. 4.15 William. 4.20 Christmas. 4.25 Dogtanian and the Three Musketeers. 4.50 John Craven's Newsround. 5.0 Blue Peter. Ceefax sub-titles. 5.25 Henry's Cat. 5.30 Grange Hill. Ceefax sub-titles. 5.58 Weather.

6.00 NEWS; weather.

6.30 REGIONAL NEWS MAGAZINES.

6.55 TOP OF THE POPS. A live edition, celebrating the programme's 21st birthday, and presented by John Peel and Richard Skinner.

7.35 THE FRONT LINE. More coexistence problems for the chalk and cheese brothers of Alex Shearer's sitcom, with policeman Malcolm planning a quiet dinner for his new friend WPC Maria (Julie Brennon) just as Rastaman Sheldon plans to test his new speakers.

8.5 PAUL DANIELS' MAGIC MOMENTS. Highlights of the master magician's last series, including his attempts to give away a Rolls Royce which made a TV camera vanish, and the incredible sea-lions of Roberto Gasser.

9.0 NEWS; weather.

9.25 WYNNE AND PENKOVSZKY. 2. Second episode, of three, of the real-life spy story dramatised by Andrew Carr, with David Calder as Greville Wynne, now in contact with Russian mole Penkovsky (Christopher Royle) and sending back to British intelligence invaluable information about the Berlin Wall and the approaching Cuban missile crisis. But the KGB are on their trail, and time has almost run out...

10.25 STARSKY AND HUTCH: The Plague, Part 1. Paul Michael Glaser, David Soul as the laid-back lawmen in first half of a far-fetched repeated yarn (concluded tomorrow) which has Hutch, and others, infected with a deadly virus. Ceefax sub-titles.

11.15 INTERNATIONAL TENNIS: The World Young Masters. Highlights of this evening's action in the tournament at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham.

12.5 Weather; close.

Wales: 5.30 pm. Interval: 5.35-5.58 Wales Today. 6.30-6.55 Grange Hill.

Scotland: 2.5 pm. World Bowls. 3.55-3.48 International Tennis. 4.55-5.00 Cause for Concern.

BBC-2

9.00 am Pages from Ceefax 1.55 pm Harold Lloyd in "On the Fire". 2.5 Holiday Time. 2.50 Bob Hope Stars in "The Ghost Breakers" (1940), with Paulette Goddard. 4.10 International Tennis.

5.0 THE ROYAL INSTITUTION'S CHRISTMAS LECTURES. 3. Genetic Engineering. Dr Walter Bodmer continues his lectures on the theme The Message of the Genes.

6.0 A PASSION TO PROTECT. Another showing for Roy Deverell's film about millionaire gambler and animal-lover John Aspinall and the controversial zoo, Howletts, which he runs in Kent.

6.50 INTERNATIONAL SNOOKER: Seventeen Day. At The Crucible. Second half of David Vine's retrospective on last year's World Professional Championship focuses on the final, between Steve Davis and Jimmy White.

8.0 WE WERE THE LAMBETH BOYS. Second programme in Rob Rorher's fascinating series has something in common with Granada's 28 Up: it shows its subjects as they were, 25 years ago, then instantly as they are now — like one of those scientific films in which a flower buds, blooms and falls. Some of the working-class teenagers of the London youth club have indeed blossomed, against the odds: one is an international businessman, head of a million-dollar company based in leafy Hampshire; another runs a chain of shops, is a football club director, and a regular bidder at Christie's. Sparks fly at the Boys' reunion as he sounds off about an over-generous dose and his old mate, now a British Rail cleaner after three years out of work, puts him straight.

9.0 SWEET CHARITY. First there was Fellini's film *Notte di Cabiria*, about a golden-hearted woman whose naive young lover doesn't know about her job; then Neil Simon's stage play, and finally this 1969 movie of it, with which Bob Fosse made his directorial debut. Shirley MacLaine plays the dance-hall girl with Sammy Davis Jr, Ricardo Montalban, Stubby Kaye.

11.20 THE 20TH CENTURY REMEMBERED. By Dora Russell, continuing her memoirs by recalling her involvement in the general election campaign of the Twenties and Thirties, her campaign to make free birth control advice available to the poor, and the bitter ending of her happy 12-year marriage to Bertrand Russell. 11.55 Close.

Wales: 5.30 pm. Interval: 5.35-5.58 Wales Today. 6.30-6.55 Grange Hill.

Scotland: 2.5 pm. World Bowls. 3.55-3.48 International Tennis. 4.55-5.00 Cause for Concern.

ITV London

6.15 am Good Morning Britain. 9.25 Sesame Street. 10.25 Film Starcrash (1978). SF thriller with David Hasselhoff, Caroline Munro. 12.0 The Little Green Man. 12.10 pm Mooncat & Co. 12.30 The Sullivan. 1.0 News. 1.20 Thames News. 1.30 Falcon Crest. 2.30 Look Who's Talking. 3.0 Gems. 3.25 News Headlines. 3.30 Sons and Daughters. 4.0 The Little Green Man. 4.15 Cartoon Time. 4.20 Sooty. 4.40 Words, Words, Words. 5.0 Dangerous. 5.15 Blockbusters.

5.45 NEWS; weather.

6.0 THAMES NEWS with Tina Jenkins, John Andrew.

6.25 THAMES SPORT.

6.50 THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME. Star Wars it isn't — nor would H. G. Wells recognise his classic science fiction story in this dreary low-budget movie, made in 1973, with Jack Palance as the galactic warlord threatening to destroy the human colony on the Moon with his robot army. With Carol Lynley, Barry Morse.



Eric Erni and friends

8.30 NIGHT TRAIN TO MURDER. A first chance for Eric Morecambe fans to relish the late, great comedian's last film performance, in this spoof thriller ending up the whodunnit genre which Eric and Ernie made for Thames last year. The pair play themselves, with assistance from Fulton McKay, Kenneth Haigh, Lysette Anthony. Director/producer was Joe McGrath.

10.0 NEWS AT TEN; weather.

10.30 ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ. Don Siegel's competent, factually-based prison drama tells the story of the one successful escape from the notorious fabled island, with Clint Eastwood as the leader of the convict trio who got away from the clink in 1962 and were never heard of again; Patrick McGeehan as the prison warden. Made in 1979.

12.35 NIGHT THOUGHTS with Paul Boateng; close.

Wales: 5.30 pm. Interval: 5.35-5.58 Wales Today. 6.30-6.55 Grange Hill.

Scotland: 2.5 pm. World Bowls. 3.55-3.48 International Tennis. 4.55-5.00 Cause for Concern.

Channel 4

2.00 pm Tennis: WCT World Doubles Championship. 5.15 Setbacks.

5.30 THE LAST CATHEDRAL. The Press On. Gillian Reynolds concludes her report on the building of the Protestant Cathedral of St John the Divine, in New York's Harlem.



David Bellamy

6.0 DISCOVERY. David Bellamy is the presenter of this new science and technology magazine from Yorkshire, which opens with a round-up of the important events and developments of 1984. It includes an interview with Dr Edward Teller, the designer of the first H-bomb, who explains why he doesn't believe in the nuclear winter theory and "this scare, like all the others, will disappear".

7.0 CHANNEL FOUR NEWS; weather.

7.30 THE OPTIMIST: The Double. Further silent comedy adventures of the hapless hero (Ron Raftery) now having some lookalike luck in a gambling casino.

8.0 TREASURE HUNT. Warwickshire is the location of the first batch of clues of the returning series, as the studio contestants direct skydiver Annika on her beat-the-clock mission.

9.0 A WOMAN OF SUBSTANCE. 2. Second instalment of the Yorkshire-set mini-series based on Barbara Taylor Bradford's historical epic, with Jenny Seagrove as heroine Emma, swearing vengeance on the nobles who wronged her, and accepting a marriage offer in spite of her love for another. With Deborah Kerr as the older Jenny, John Duttine, Diane Baker, Christopher Guard.

11.0 IF THEY'D ASKED FOR A LION TAMER. Another chance to see an entertaining documentary about drag artist Dave Dale, who acts out his own life-story, cabaret style, and explains why Southend wasn't quite his scene.

11.55 SOAP. 12.20 Close.

SAC: 1.45 pm. 2.00 Football. 2.00 Tennis. 4.45 Football. 5.00 Wil Cwae Cwae. 5.15 Gwynllwyd. 5.30 South Wales. 6.00 The Making of Treasure Hunt. 6.30 Teulu-Ffon. 7.00 Newyddion. 7.30 Teulu-Ffon. 8.00 Gornau Cerdid. 8.00 A Woman of Substance. 11.0 On Your Way Riley. 11.55 B-25 Mitchells Do Fly in IMC. 1.0 Diwedd.

Wales: 5.30 pm. Interval: 5.35-5.58 Wales Today. 6.30-6.55 Grange Hill.

Scotland: 2.5 pm. World Bowls. 3.55-3.48 International Tennis. 4.55-5.00 Cause for Concern.

Radio 1

6.0 am Adrian John. 9.0 Mike Read. 10.0 Simon Bates. 12.0 Gary Davies. 2.30 pm Steve Wright. 3.0 Bruno Brookes. 7.30 Janice Long. 10.0-10.15 Into the Music.

Radio 2

4.0 am David Yarnall. 5.30 Bill Kenwright. 7.30 Colin Berry. 10.0 Jimmy Young. 12.0 Steve Jones. 2.0 pm John Craven. 3.30 Music all the Way. 4.0 David Hamilton. 6.0 John Dunn. 8.0 Wally Whyton. 10.0 The Impressionists. 10.30 Star Sound Extra. 11.0 Brian Matthew. 1.0 am Charles Novak. 2.0-4.0 Herb Ellis.

Radio 3

6.55 Weather. 7.0 News. Morning Concert. 9.0 News; This Week's Composer: Beethoven — aristocratic patrons. 4. Archduke Rudolf of Austria. Piano Concerto No. 4. (Edwin Fischer; Philharmonia/Parkinson). Piano Sonata in E flat — Les adieux (Alfred Brendel). 10.0 Winter Dreams. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 1 (Berlin PO/Karajan). 10.45 BBC Song. Anne Collins (contralto), Paul Hamburger (piano). 11.35 Six Continents. 11.55 King's Lynn Festival. 1984. Konrad Hunter/1984. Günter Holler (tenor), Hans-Peter Westermann (oboe), Collegium Aureum. Neri: Sonata in G minor; Galuppi: Concerto for two flutes; Legrenzi: La Fugazza; Albinoni: Sonata in G minor; Giovanni Gabrieli: Canon No. 9; Albinoni: Oboe Concerto.

1.0 News. Ida Haendel and Craig Sheppard (violin and piano). Brahms: Sonata Op. 108; Brahms, arr. Joachim: Hungarian Dances Nos. 1, 17, 5. Szymanowski: La Fontaine d'Aréthuse; Saint-Saens: Introduction and Rondo capriccioso. 2.0 Bournemouth SO and Chorus: Richard Armstrong: Jan Price (soprano), Kenneth Bowen (tenor), Michael Rippon (bass-baritone). Wagner: Overture Die Meistersinger; Dvorak: Te Deum; 2.45 Interval. William Mathias: This world's a joke. 3.35 Chariot and Piano (Gervase de Peyer, Gwyneth Fyfe). Stanford: Dances in a Garden. 4.0 Fantasy sonatas; Horowitz: Sonata. 4.15 Britten: Prelude and Fugue Op. 10 (Britten); Prokofiev: Sinfonia da Requiem (LSO/Previn); Arvo Part: Cantus in memoriam Benjamin Britten (Stuttgart State Orchestra/Britten).

4.55 News. Enter Certain Feathered Dancers. Europe's response to Amerindian music and dance. 5.0 Rameau: Dances from Dardanus. English Baroque Soloists. 6.0 Bands and Kettling Citadel. 6.30 Graham: The Ambassador; Steadman-Allen: The Lord is King; Curlew: The Lord's Command. 7.0 La Bohème. Four act opera by Puccini. Sung in Italian with Victoria de los Angeles (Mimi), Jussi Björling (Rodolfo), RCA Victor Chorus and Orchestra.

8.0 Chillingham Quartet. Haydn: Quartet in G. Beethoven Quartet Op. 74 (The Harp). 9.0 Music in our Time. Stockhausen: Piano Piece. 10.0 Klavierstück IX; Lucifer's Dream. 10.55 Academy of Ancient Music. Christopher Hogwood (harpsichord). Oratorio: Symphony in C minor; Mozart: Requiem; 11.00 Nightmusik (with music by Thomas Attwood); Kozeluk: Symphony in G minor. 11.57 News.

Radio 4

5.55 Shipping Forecast. 6.0 News Briefing. 6.10 Farming Today.

World Service

BBC World Service can be received in the following times GMT: 6.0 am Newsweek. 7.0 News. 7.20 News. 7.45 News. 8.00 News. 8.15 News. 8.30 News. 8.45 News. 9.00 News. 9.15 News. 9.30 News. 9.45 News. 10.00 News. 10.15 News. 10.30 News. 10.45 News. 11.00 News. 11.15 News. 11.30 News. 11.45 News. 12.00 News. 12.15 News. 12.30 News. 12.45 News. 1.00 News. 1.15 News. 1.30 News. 1.45 News. 2.00 News. 2.15 News. 2.30 News. 2.45 News. 3.00 News. 3.15 News. 3.30 News. 3.45 News. 4.00 News. 4.15 News. 4.30 News. 4.45 News. 5.00 News. 5.15 News. 5.30 News. 5.45 News. 6.00 News. 6.15 News. 6.30 News. 6.45 News. 7.00 News. 7.15 News. 7.30 News. 7.45 News. 8.00 News. 8.15 News. 8.30 News. 8.45 News. 9.00 News. 9.15 News. 9.30 News. 9.45 News. 10.00 News. 10.15 News. 10.30 News. 10.45 News. 11.00 News. 11.15 News. 11.30 News. 11.45 News. 12.00 News. 12.15 News. 12.30 News. 12.45 News. 1.00 News. 1.15 News. 1.30 News. 1.45 News. 2.00 News. 2.15 News. 2.30 News. 2.45 News. 3.00 News. 3.15 News. 3.30 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